

A
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS,
CHIEFLY INTENDED FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

By ROWLAND HILL, A.M.

Sing ye Praises with Understanding. Ps. xlvii. 7.
Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and
spiritual Songs, singing, and making Melody in your
Hearts unto the Lord. EPH. V. 19.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following Collection of Psalms and Hymns, I trust, will not be unacceptable; some pains having been taken in collecting and composing them. Many of them are well known in most of our worshipping assemblies: these being in themselves so excellent, are always new. Others, I trust not much inferior, will appear as new, though not altogether so, these having been composed from some poetic hints borrowed from authors. A third class of them are by no means the better for being entirely new: I once thought to distinguish these by a particular mark; but as names are of no use, where truth and devotion are sought for, I determined otherwise.

Modest words before God always become us best; strong expressions of personal interest may do for some, but not for all; many sin in speaking too boldly; none in speaking too humbly. This is my apology for softening or rejecting some expressions not fit for a *public* congregation: though, for the sake of those happy souls that are filled with joy and peace in believing, I have not made it altogether a general rule. Besides, I do not see we need attempt to animate our
songs

P R E F A C E.

songs of praise with much personal application, when there is enough and enough in the person of the Redeemer, simply considered, for our most exalted praise. Others, perhaps, with an apparent justness may cry, but why such a multiplicity of collections of hymns? Let such consider, that as no minister or congregation would have wished me to have adopted a publication which they esteem as their property, a new collection was not only a matter of choice but of necessity.

That the Hymns may be the more easily found, they are placed in the following order, Morning Hymns; Evening Hymns; Hymns for the Lord's Day; Hymns before and after Sermon; Invitation Hymns; General Hymns of Prayer; General Hymns of Praise; Festival Hymns; Funeral and Judgment Hymns; Occasional Hymns; Hymns for Baptism; Hymns for the Communion; Dismission Hymns and Doxologies.

May this little book prove a pleasant guide of praise and prayer to all that use it.

So prays theirs sincerely,

For Christ's sake,

R. HILL.

JAN. 13

1794.

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For a season
From all th
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Give glory
Give to the
Glory to C
Glory to G
Glory be to
God, my su
God the Sa
Grace, hov
Gracious L
Granted is
Great God,
Great Sun
Guide us, C
Guilty and
Hail, Fathe
Hail, thou
Happy the
Happy the
Hark! the
Hearts of f
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Holy Lamb
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How false this earth in all its forms
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How glorious the Lamb

I.

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Jesus, shepherd of the sheep
Jesus, lover of my soul
Jesus, true and living vine
Jesus, my living way
Jesus, thou art my righteousness
Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee
Jesus, thy lovely self reveal
Jesus, at whose supreme command
Jesus, full of truth and grace
Jesus, I bless thy gentle hand
Jesus, who dy'd a world to save
Jesus is now gone up on high
Jesus, we hang upon thy word
Jesus invites his saints

If Jesus is ours

I long to love, but ah ! how far

In Jesus approv'd

Join all the glorious names

Join, ye redeemed heirs of grace

L.

Laden with guilt, sinners arise

Lamb of God, whose bleeding love

Let every mortal ear attend

Let us all unite to bless

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 Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
 Prepare, prepare, to meet thy God

R.

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 Rejoice, ye sons of men, rejoice
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 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings

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 See, gracious God, before thy throne
 See where the mighty Saviour comes
 Sinners, obey the gospel word

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 We bless the Lord, whose tender care
 We sing the glories of our King
 We sing the wondrous deeds
 We thank thee, Lord, for this our food
 What a merciful Saviour is ours
 What creatures beside are favour'd
 What shall we render unto thee
 What heart can reach, what tongue
 What equal honours shall we bring
 When shall the sovereign grace
 When darkness long has veil'd my mind
 When we behold the heavenly state
 When Jesus, our Shepherd, is near
 When Christ in judgment shall descend
 When we survey the wondrous cross
 While overwhelm'd with grief
 Who can have greater cause to sing
 Who hath our report believ'd
 Why should the children of a king
 Why is my heart sunk down so low
 Why do we mourn departed friends
 While with ceaseless course the sun
 Will my doubtings ne'er be o'er
 With joy we meditate the grace
 With heavenly power, O Lord, defend

Y.

Ye heavens, rejoice
 Ye prisoners of hope
 Ye souls that are weak
 Ye servants of God
 Ye saints of God, arise, and sing
 Ye sons and daughters of the Lord
 Ye that in these courts are found

Hym

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HYMN I.

MORNING HYMNS.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
The sinner's only hope;
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
O when shall we wake up?

Thou, O our God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken our souls, instruct our hearts,
Our sinking footsteps stay.

Of all thou dost on earth bestow,
Or give in heaven above,
Give us, O Lord, thyself to know,
Give us thy precious love

Fill us with all the life of love :
Our hearts in union join
To thy dear self; and let us prove
Sweet fellowship divine.

The holy intercourse begun
Between our souls and thee,
Enlarge, O Lord, and carry on
Through all eternity.

II. *Morning.*

RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker;
Angels praise
Join thy lays,
With them be partaker.

'Thou this night wast my Protector;
With me stay
All the day,
Ever my director.

Father, Lord of every spirit,
In thy light
Lead me right,
Through my Saviour's merit.

O my Jesus, Lord Almighty,
Me defend,
To the end,
With thy love and pity.

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Holy Ghost, divine Instructor,
 Guide me still;
 Let thy will
 Be my safe Conductor.

Holy, holy, holy giver
 Of all good,
 Life and food,
 Reign ador'd for ever.

III. *The Same.* Psalm cxli. 2—5.

My God, accept my early vows.
 Like morning incense in thine house;
 And let my nightly worship rise,
 Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
 From every rash and heedless word;
 Nor let my feet incline to tread
 The guilty paths, where sinners lead.

O may the righteous, when I stray
 Reprove, and reprove my wandering way!
 Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
 Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

When I behold them press'd with grief,
 I'll cry to Heaven for their relief;
 And, by my warm petitions, prove
 How much I prize their faithful love. B 2

IV. EVENING HYMNS.

JESUS, thou dear atoning Lamb,
 Lover of lost mankind,
 Salvation, in whose only name
 A sinful world can find ;

We ask thy grace to make us clean ;
 We come to thee, our God :
 Open, O Lord, for this day's sin,
 The fountain of thy blood.

Hither our sinful souls be brought,
 And every idle word,
 And every work, and every thought,
 That hath not pleas'd our Lord.

Hither our actions, righteous deem'd
 By man, and counted good,
 As filthy rags by God esteem'd,
 Till sprinkled with thy blood.

Jesus, vouchsafe thy heavenly power
 For pardon still to flee ;
 And every day, and every hour,
 To draw fresh strength from thee.

V. *God Omnipresent.*

OMNIPRESENT Lord, whose aid
 No one ever sought in vain,
 Be this night about my bed,
 Every evil thought restrain ;

Lay thy
 Guard o
 All mine
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Lay thy hand upon my soul,
 Guard of my unguarded hours;
 All mine enemies controul
 Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

Unto thee for help I seek,
 Perfect, Lord, thy strength in me;
 I am strong when I am weak,
 Weak myself, but strong in thee.
 Let not evil enter in,
 Every selfish thought avert;
 Stop the avenues of sin,
 Keep the issues of my heart.

O thou jealous God, come down,
 God of spotless purity!
 Claim, and seize me for thine own,
 Consecrate my heart to thee.
 Under thy protection take;
 Songs in the night-season give:
 Let me sleep to thee, and wake;
 Let me die to thee, and live.

VI. *Evening.*

BEFORE I sleep, for every favour
 This day shew'd
 By my God,
 will bliss my Saviour.

O my Lord, what shall I render
 To thy Name
 Still the same,
 Gracious, good, and tender?

Leave me not, but ever love me:
 Let thy peace
 Be my bliss,
 Till thou hence remove me.

Visit me with thy salvation:
 Let thy care
 Now be near,
 Round my habitation,

Be my Rock, my Guard, my Tower;
 Safely keep
 While I sleep,
 Me, with all thy power.

So, whene'er in death I slumber,
 Let me rise
 With the wise,
 Counted in their number.

Glory, honour, thanks and blessing,
 Be to thee,
 One in three,
 Never, never ceasing.

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VII. *Morning or Evening.*

O GOD, how endless is thy love !

Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours !
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy powers.

We yield our powers to thy command,
To thee we consecrate our days ;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

VIII. HYMNS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

Psalm xcii.

SWEET is the work, O God, our King !

To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And tell of all thy truth by night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
Drive earthly care from every breast ;
And let our hearts in tune be found.
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

Our hearts shall triumph in thee, Lord,
And bless thy work, and bless thy word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die,
Like grass they flourish; till thy breath
Shall blast them to eternal death.

O, may we see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below!
May all our powers find sweet employ
In Christ's eternal world of joy!

XI. *On a Sacrament Occasion.*

How sweet the day of sacred rest,
The day that saw the Lord arise;
The day the Lord himself hath blest,
To manifest peculiar joys!

Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad,
Let the Redeemer's name abound:
A thousand honours on his head,
Who stands with grace and glory crown'd.

Here we delight to hear his word,
And tell of all his wondrous grace;
We wait around his festal board,
And sing hosannas to his praise.

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X.

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In God's own name, he came to bring
Salvation to our dying race :
Let the whole church address her King,
In louder notes than angels raise.

X. *Panting after God.* Psalm lxxiii.

My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

My thirsty, fainting soul,
Thy mercy shall implore ;
No traveller in a desert land,
Can pant for waters more.

Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place ;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford :
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord:

Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

The shadow of thy wings,
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

XI. *The Same. Early Worship.*

EARLY, my God, without delay,
We haste to seek thy face;
Our thirsty souls would faint away,
But for thy cheering grace.

As pilgrims on a thirsty land,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
So we must drink, or die.

Oft have we seen thy gracious power,
Thro' all thy temples shine;
Repeat, dear Lord, that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

Not all the blessings of a feast,
Can please our souls so well,
As when thy richer grace we taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can our best passions move;
But as our souls in thee rejoice,
And feast upon thy love.

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Then, till our last expiring days,
 We'll bless our Lord and King;
 Then will we lift our hearts to praise,
 And tune our lips to sing.

XII. *Longing after God's House.*

Pfalm lxxxiv.

My soul, how lovely is the place
 To which thy God resorts!
 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
 Though in his earthly courts.

With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
 Descends, and fills the place:
 While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
 And sheds abroad his grace.

My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
 While far from thine abode;
 When shall I tread thy courts, and see
 My Saviour and my God?

The sparrow builds herself a nest,
 And suffers no more;
 O make me like the sparrow blest,
 To dwell but where I love!

To sit one day beneath thine eye,
 And hear thy gracious voice,
 Exceeds a whole eternity,
 Employ'd in carnal joys.

Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
Lord take them all away.

XIII. *Another Version of the Same.*

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks her nest ;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest ;
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

Thrice happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear ;
Thrice happy men, that pay
Their constant service there.

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They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Sion's hill !

They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears.

O glorious feat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

God is our Sun and Shield,
 Our Light and our Defence ;
 With gifts his hands are fill'd ;
 We draw our blessings thence.

He will bestow
 On Jacob's race
 Peculiar grace,
 And glory too.

The Lord his people loves ;
 His hand no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From weeping, waiting souls.

Thrice happy he,
 O Lord of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

XIV. *God's Worship delightful.*

On a Communion Occasion.

WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

Welcome ye saints of God,
To feast on Jesu's love;
Ye happy souls, redeem'd by blood,
Welcome this grace to prove!

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray;

One day, amidst the place
Where my dear Lord is seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of vanity and sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sweetly sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

XV.

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XV. *Joy in Public Ordinances.* Ps. cxxii.

How do our hearts rejoice to hear !

Thy saints devoutly say,

" In Zion let us all appear

And keep the festal day !"

Up to her courts, with joy unknown,

Our cheerful feet repair ;

There sits our Jesus on his throne,

And rules in judgment there.

May peace within this sacred place

And ceaseless joy be found !

With holy gifts and heavenly grace

May all thy tribes abound !

Prosperity attend thy peace,

And let thy word of grace

Be water'd with divine increase,

And crown'd with large success.

A thousand blessings on him rest

That wishes thine increase,

That would himself become thy guest,

And seeks thy constant peace !

We join to pray for Zion still,

While life or breath remains ;

There our best friends and kindred dwell,

And there our Saviour reigns.

XVI. *Hosanna in the Highest.* Pf. cxviii.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day Christ rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Hosannas loud to thee we sing,
Like those around the throne.

Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

Hosanna! in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

XVII.

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XVII. *Opening of public Worship.*

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Now may the Spirit's holy fire,
 Descending from above,
 His waiting family inspire
 With joy, and peace, and love!

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d,

Thee we the Comforter confess;
 Without thy presence here,
 Our songs of praise are vain address,
 We utter heartless prayer!

Wake, heavenly Wind! arise and come,
 Blow on the drooping field;
 Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
 And fragrant incense yield.

voice,

Touch, with a living coal, the lip
 That shall proclaim thy word,
 And bid each awful hearer keep
 Attention to the Lord.

reigns,

Lo! for thy presence, Lord, we pray,
 Thy power we wait to prove:
 Thy glorious grace to each display,
 And fill our souls with love.

XVIII. *Enjoyment of Christ in Public Worship*

FAR from our thoughts, vain world, be gone
 Let our religious hours alone :
 O may our eyes our Saviour see!
 We wait a visit Lord, from thee.

O warm our hearts with holy fire !
 And kindle there a pure desire ;
 Come, our dear Jesus, from above,
 And feed our souls with heavenly love.

The trees of life immortal stand,
 In fragrant rows, at thy right hand ;
 And, in sweet murmurs, by their side
 Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

Haste then, and with a smiling face,
 Come, spread the tables of thy grace :
 Bring down a taste of truth divine,
 And cheer our hearts with sacred wine.

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !
 How sweet thine entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
 In thee thy Father's glories shine :
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
 That eyes have seen, or Angels known !

XIX.

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XIX. *For a Blessing in Ordinances.*

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, on thee, our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Send some message from thy word,
Which may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Bid the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope;
Grant that they who seek, may find
Thee a God divinely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

XX. HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

COME, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend :
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success,
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

O may thy servant be
Fill'd with sweet liberty,
Clothed with power !
Bid, Lord, the dead arise
By thy almighty voice ;
May we in thee rejoice,
In this glad hour !

XXI. *Redeeming Love.*

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name :
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

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Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from blifs no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

He subdu'd th' infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

XXH. *The Gospel Invitation.*

LET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.

Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind;

Eternal wisdom hath prepar'd
 A soul reviving feast,
 And bids our longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 , With springs that never dry.

Dear Lord! the treasures of thy love
 Are everlasting mines,
 Deep as our helpless miseries are,
 And boundless as our sins.

The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

XXIII.

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XXIII. *The Gospel Trumpet.*

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound;
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace;
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face:
 The year of jubilee, &c.
 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
 Hath full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mourning souls, be glad;
 The year of jubilee, &c.
 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive;
 Secure in Jesus dwell,
 And on his fulness live:
 The year of jubilee, &c.
 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The great atoning Lamb;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim;
 The year of jubilee, &c.

XXIV. *Salvation.*

SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
Till we arose, by grace divine,
To see an heavenly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.

XXV. *A Prayer for the Success of the Gospel*

O THAT thou wouldst thine heavens rend
And with thy mighty grace descend;
Proclaim thy name of great renown,
Subdue the world, and wear the crown!

Ride in the chariot of thy word;
Ride on, and prosper, gracious Lord:
From conquering and to conquer go,
And bring a world of rebels low.

Bid thy commission'd saints proclaim
The glories of the Saviour's name;
Till worlds unborn shall learn to praise
The conquests of almighty grace.

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From pole to pole let sinners know
The wonders that thine arm can do,
Till all the kingdoms shall become
The kingdoms of the Lord alone.

XXVI. *Christ's Kingdom exalted.*

Psalm xlv.

WE sing the glories of our King,
His form how wondrous fair!
None of the sons of mortal race
Can with our Lord compare.

Sweet is thy speech: and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thine hands,
To rule the saints by love.

Justice and truth attend thy state,
And mercy lead thee on,
Till all thine enemies shall yield
Obedience to thy throne.

XXVII. *For Nearness to God in Ordinances.*

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

A thousand years could I command,
Might I but in thy presence stand,
To spend within thy courts one day,
I'd give a thousand years away.

'Twere better far to keep the door,
Where saints assemble and adore,
Where God himself resides within,
Than dwell in palaces of sin.

Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temples of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentle rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate ;
God is their strength, and, on the road,
They lean upon their helper God.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till they shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

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XXVIII. Psalm cxxxv.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
 While in his holy courts ye wait;
 Ye saints that to his house belong,
 Or stand attending at his gate.

Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good:
 To praise his name, is sweet employ;
 Israel he chose of old, and still
 His church is his peculiar joy.

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love:
 People and priests exalt his name;
 Among his saints he ever dwells;
 Eternally his love proclaim.

XXIX. *Enjoyment of Christ in Worship.*

YE that in these courts are found,
 Listening to the joyful sound,
 Lost and helpless as ye are,
 Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
 Glorify the King of Kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.
 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
 View his bloody sacrifice;
 See in him your sins forgiven,
 Pardon, holiness, and heaven:
 Glorify the King of Kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

XXX. *An Invitation Hymn.*

SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away!

Ready the father is to own,
And kifs his late-returning son;
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready the spirit of his love
Awaits, the stony heart to move;
'To sprinkle the atoning blood,
And wath, and seal you sons of God.

Ready for you the Angels wait,
'To triumph in your blest estate:
With harps of gold, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
'To happiness in Christ restor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

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XXXI. *The Same.*

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.

COME, ye wretched souls, to Jesus,
Weak and wounded, sick and poor;
Jesus ready stands to save us,
Full of pity join'd with power.
He is able, &c.
He is willing; doubt no more.

Ho! ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh;
Without money, &c.
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth,
Is, to feel your need of him:
This he gives you, &c.
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous, &c.
Sinners Jesus came to call,

Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold him:
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 "It is finished," &c.
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood:
 Venture on him, venture wholly;
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus, &c,
 Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah, &c,
 Sinners here may sing the same.

XXXII. *The Same.*

HITHER ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
 A sin-disorder'd, trembling throng!
 To you the gospel calls, to you
 Messiah's blessings all belong.

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The sons of reason and of pride
 Reject the blessings of the tree :
 For sinners only Jesus dy'd.
 Sinner, behold ! he dy'd for thee.

'Twas with our griefs Messiah groan'd ;
 'Twas with our guilt his soul was try'd :
 Our curse he freely took, he bore ;
 And sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd.

Awake each heart, arise each soul,
 And join the blissful choirs above :
 May nothing tune our future song,
 But heavenly wisdom, heavenly love !

XXXIII. *The Same.*

SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown ?
 Why in such dreadful haste to die ?
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
 Heedless against thy God to fly ?

Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
 Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams,
 Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
 And force thy passage to the flames ?

Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
 Behold the God of Love unfold
 The glories of his dying pains,
 For ever telling, yet untold.

Jesus, thy Saviour and thy God,
Becomes a man of grief for thee;
For thee he sheds his sacred blood,
And hangs a curse upon the tree.

Give me thine heart, my son, he cries,
And kindly waits to take thee in;
With love and pity in his eyes,
He weeps to save thee from thy sin.

XXXIV. *Salvation by Grace.*

Now to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given;
He saves from hell, we bless his name,
He calls lost wandering souls to heaven.

Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

He dies! and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of our joy,

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XXXV.

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Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
• Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

XXXV. *A Prayer for the Minister.*

SOURCE of light and power divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine;
Help thy servant to proclaim
All the glories of thy name:
Satisfy his soul's desire,
Touch his lips with holy fire.

Breathe thy spirit, so shall fall
Unction sweet on him and all;
Till, by odours scatter'd round,
Christ himself be trac'd and found:
Then shall every raptur'd heart,
Rich in joy and peace depart.

XXXVI. AFTER SERMON.

A Word for the Penitent.

H O! all ye trembling sinners, hear
The pardoning voice of Christ, and live;
With humble confidence draw near,
Jesus commands you to believe.
Believe, and all your sins are gone;
Believe, and heaven is all your own.

If all the sin that men had done,
 In will, in word, in thought, in deed,
 Since worlds were made, or time begun
 Were laid on one poor sinners head;
 One drop of Jesu's precious blood,
 At once could cleanse the dreadful load.

XXXVII. Psalm cxvii.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise:
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
 Till suns shall rise, and set no more.

XXXVIII. *Encouragement for the Guilty.*

COME, guilty souls, and fly away
 To Christ, and heal your wounds;
 This is the welcome gospel day,
 Wherein free grace abounds.

God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
 To drink the cup of wrath:
 And Jesus says, he'll cast out none
 That come to him by faith.

XXXIX

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XXXIX. *Good Tidings.*

O JESUS, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy word.

In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

The Ancient of days
His glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad
The language of mercy, salvation thro' blood.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.

The people who know
The Saviour below,
With cheerful affection to worship him glow.

This blessing be mine,
Through favour divine;
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

The work is of grace;
Thine, thine be the praise,
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

XL. *Invitation.*

GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those
Who feel they sinners are!
Sunk and distressed, they taste, and know
Their heaven is only there.

Rich grace, free grace, most sweetly call
Directly come who will,
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.

'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And O that nothing else but grace
May rule for evermore!

XLI. Psalm xxxvi.

GREAT Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, in sins forgiven;
Forgive our sins our souls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heaven.

XLI

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XLII. *Comfort for the Afflicted.*

CHRIST'S own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye ;
Affliction, pain, and grief, and fear,
And death itself, shall die.

How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

XLIII. *Behold the Lamb.*

LADEN with guilt, sinners arise,
And view your bleeding sacrifice ;
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come.

Beneath your crimes the victim stood,
Sign'd your acquittances in blood ;
Hereby stern justice is appeas'd :
Sinners, look up, and be releas'd !

Peace, mercy, truth, and righteousness,
Beam from the Reconciler's face :
Here look, till love dissolves your heart,
And bids your slavish fears depart.

Oh ! quit the world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesu's arms ;
Wrestle until your God be known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

XLIV. Psalm xxxiv.

O LORD, how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort spring
 The sons of sorrow, in distress,
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
 From the provisions of thy house,
 We shall be fed with sweet repast :
 There mercy like a river flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.
 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of our Lord ;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promis'd in thy word.

XLV. Psalm xix.

How sweet, dear Lord, thy sacred word
 What light and joy those leaves afford
 To souls by sin oppress'd !
 Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads to rest.
 Thy law awakes our sleeping eyes,
 And warns us where the danger lies :
 But 'tis thy gospel, Lord,
 That makes the guilty conscience clean,
 Converts the soul, and conquers sin,
 And gives a free reward.

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XLVI. GENERAL HYMNS OF PRAYER.

Longing for Christ.

COME, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee:
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd near thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thee derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!

How can it be thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst man to glory bring!
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown!

Oh, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou has wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heaven must bow!
Help us, to thee our all to give:
Thine may we die! thine may we live!

XLVII. *A Prayer for a Child-like Spirit.*

JESUS, teach our souls to be
 Meek and lowly, like to thee;
 Gentle, innocent, and mild,
 Chang'd into a little child.

Cause the power of sin to cease;
 Lead us in the paths of peace;
 May the Lamb of God impart
 Lamb-like tempers to each heart!

Make our stubborn souls submit,
 Lay us humbly at thy feet;
 Pride and anger far remove,
 Rule us by the law of love.

Thus may we be taught to know,
 What the Saviour can bestow
 On the simple souls that wait
 Humbly at his mercy's gate!

XLVIII. *Seeking after God.*

My God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee;
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour go?

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Call me away from self and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence :
I would obey thy voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth with all its scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind
My God, and there my heaven I find.

XLIX. *Christ our Shepherd.* John x.

Jesus, shepherd of the sheep,
Gracious is thine arm to keep
All thy flocks with tender care,
Fed in pastures large and fair.

Thee the sheep profess and own,
Thee they love, and thee alone ;
Known of them, and known to thee,
They will never from thee flee.

Strangers they will not obey,
Thee they follow as the way ;
They delight to find thee near ;
They delight thy voice to hear.

Lead to pastures fair and green,
Where thy lovely face is seen ;
Lead us to the fountain go,
Where the living waters flow.

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Walk before us in the way,
Keep us, lest we run astray;
Teach us in thy steps to tread,
Make us like our living head.

When thy sheep in judgment stand,
Place us there at thy right hand;
Speak the sentence of the blest,
Bid us enter endless rest.

L. *A Prayer to the Holy Ghost.*

HOLY Spirit, gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state;
Fix in us thy gracious home,
All our spirits recreate.
Gracious gift of God most high,
Visit every troubled breast;
Fill our hearts with peaceful joy,
Lead us to thy promis'd rest.

Heavenly unction from above,
Comforter of weary saints,
Source of life, and fire of love,
Hear, and answer our complaints.
Holy Spirit, thee we pray,
Finger of the living God,
Point us out the living way,
Shed the Saviour's love abroad.

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Now thy quickening influence bring,
On our souls divinely move;
Open wide our hearts to sing
Jesus's everlasting love.

Take the things of Christ, and shew
What his love for us hath done;
Thus may we the Father know,
Through the well-beloved Son.

Lighten each benighted heart,
Drive our enemies away;
Joy, and love, and peace impart;
Lead us in the heavenly way:
Nothing then our hearts shall fear,
While we urge our way to heaven;
While we feel thy presence near,
Witnessing our sins forgiven.

LI. *Adoring free and sovereign Mercy.*

O LORD, what love and favour!
That we, so vile, and poor,
Can thro' a dying Saviour
Approach thy mercy's door;
There find an open passage
To thy dear throne of grace,
And wait the welcome message
That bids us go in peace.

Lord, we are helpless creatures,
 Full of the deepest need :
 Throughout defil'd by nature,
 All inly dark, and dead :
 Our strength is perfect weakness,
 And all we have is sin :
 Our hearts are all uncleanness,
 A den of thieves within.

We'll never cease repeating
 Our numberless complaints ;
 But ever be intreating
 The glorious King of saints ;
 Till we attain thine image
 In realms of endless love,
 And pay our grateful homage
 With all the saints above.

Then we, with all in glory,
 Shall thankfully relate
 Th' amazing pleasing story
 Of Jesu's love so great :
 In this blest contemplation
 We shall for ever dwell,
 And prove such consolation
 As none below can tell.

LII.

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LII. *The tempted Sinner's Prayer.*

Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide:
 O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none:
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All mine help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name:
 I am all unrighteousness:
 Woe and full of sin I am:
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make, and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

LIII. *The Poor Sinner's Prayer.*

Son of God ! thy blessing grant,
 Still supply our every want :
 Tree of life, thine influence shed,
 With thy sap my spirit feed.

Tendrest branch, alas ! am I,
 Wither without thee, and die :
 Weak as helpless infancy,
 O confirm my soul in thee !

Unsustain'd by thee, I fall :
 Send the strength for which I call :
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I every moment need.

All my hopes on thee depend :
 Love me, save me to the end :
 Give me persevering grace ;
 Take the everlasting praise.

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LIV. *A Prayer for Pardon.* Psalm cxxx.

Out of the deeps of long distress,
 The borders of despair,
 I send my cries to seek thy grace,
 To move thy gracious ear.

Great God ! should thy severer eye,
 And thine impartial hand,
 Mark and revenge iniquity,
 No mortal flesh could stand.

But there is mercy with my God,
 For crimes of high degree ;
 Mercy procured by Jesu's blood,
 To draw me near to thee,

I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
 In Jesu's name I wait ;
 My soul, invited by thy word,
 Stands watching at thy gate.

Just as the guard, that keeps the night,
 Longs for the morning skies ;
 So wait I for those beams of light,
 That bid my soul arise.

But as redemption from thy throne,
 For sinners long enslav'd,
 Is now revealed thro' Christ, my Son,
 A sinner may be sav'd.

LV. *A Pastoral Hymn, Cant. i. 7.*

TELL me, Saviour from above,
Dearest object of my love,
Where thy little flocks abide,
Shelter'd near thy bleeding side?

Say, my shepherd, all divine,
Why I may my soul recline;
Where for refuge shall I fly,
While the burning sun is nigh?

Wilt thou let me run astray,
Mourning, grieving, all the day?
Wilt thou bear to see me rove,
Seek some base and mortal love?

Never had I sought thy name,
Never felt the inward flame,
Had not love first touch'd my heart,
Gave the pleasant, painful smart.

Didst thou leave thy glorious throne,
Put a mortal raiment on,
As a cursed victim die,
For a wretch so vile as I?

Tell me, fairest of the kind,
How to seek, and where to find;
Where to find thy promis'd rest,
How to lean upon thy breast.

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LVI. 7b

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Turn, and claim me as thine own;
Be my portion, Lord, alone:
Deign to hear a sinner's call,
Be my everlasting all.

LVI. *The Backslider's Prayer.* Pf. xxv.

WHEN shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

With every morning light
My grief anew begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
While for thy pardoning love and grace
I plead the Saviour's name.

With humble hope I wait
To see thy face again;
And shall it e'er, my God, be said,
I sought thy face in vain?

LVII. *Hope in Misery.* Pf. cxliiii.

My righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne,
Make thy truth and mercy known.

Let judgment not against me pass,
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

For thee I thirst, and pray, and mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Till the good spirit of thy love
Shall bring me to thy courts above.

LVIII. *A Prayer for Patience.*

O PATIENT, spotless Lamb!
My heart in patience keep
To bear the cross, so easy made
By wounding Thee so deep.

Bring me, my Shepherd, where
Thy choicest flocks abide;
From wandering save my foolish heart,
And keep it near thy side.

My friend, thou hast enough
My misery to relieve:
Though sin and guilt oppress my soul,
The balm is thine to give.

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I long, my Lord, to reach
Those bright eternal hills,
Where pleasure from thy presence flow,
In sweet celestial rills.

Here, every mortal joy
Is pleasure dash'd with pain;
There shall I bask in sweet repose,
And spotless pleasures gain.

My Saviour, and my God,
No paradise I prove;
No heaven my heart can find below,
But what I find in love.

Cleanse from each dreg of guilt,
Nor let thy grace depart;
May holy peace abide within,
And patience keep my heart!

LIX. *Christ the True Vine.* John xv.

Jesus, true and living vine,
Holy, fruitful, and divine;
Graft us on thyself the root,
Fill our hearts with heavenly fruit,

Would we, from a living vine
An ingrafted branch disjoin,
Dead and fruitless it would prove;
Are we without thy love.

Let us, Lord, in thee remain,
Else our works are all in vain;
Barren, fruitless, helpless, we
Can do nothing without thee.

Keeper of the vineyard, plant
In us every grace we want;
Lop off every branch of sin,
Cleanse our hearts, and keep them clean.

Planted in thee we shall live,
Life and juice from thee derive;
Bud and blossom every year,
Yielding clusters large and fair.

In thy garden here below,
Water us, that we may grow;
When all grace to us is given,
Then transplant us into heaven.

LX. *Lord, save, or I perish.*

GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My complaint vouchsafe to hear;
With a sinner's suit comply,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

Nothing else do I require,
Only Jesus I desire;
Hear my never-ceasing cry,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

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LXI. *W*

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Wealth and honour I disdain,
 Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;
 These can never satisfy,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
 Only ease me of my guilt;
 Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

clean,
 All unholy, and unclean,
 I am nothing else but sin;
 In thy mercy I rely,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

Thou dost promise to forgive
 All who in thy Son believe;
 Thou art truth and canst not lie,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

When, dost thou seem to frown?
 Take shelter in thy Son;
 To thine arms I fly,
 Save me and save me or I die.

LXI. *Weak and wavering.*

Will my doubtings ne'er be o'er?

Will the Lord return no more?

When shall I my Jesus see,

Who believe he died for me?

Now a glimpse of hope appears,
 Then 'tis lost in doubts and fears:
 Thus I waver to and fro,
 Rising high, and sinking low.

Might I but with open face,
 Thee behold as in a glass,
 Dying on th' accursed tree,
 To atone for wretched me:
 Then let other loves be gone,
 While I love the Lord alone;
 While in thee I taste and feel
 Love immense, unsearchable.

While I wander up and down,
 In this barren world unknown;
 Guide and keep me by thy care,
 Be my guard for ever near:
 May I find my hiding-place
 In the bosom of thy grace!
 Holy Jesus, on thy breast
 Let a weary sinner rest.

Shouldst thou deign on me to smile,
 Shouldst thou save a worm so vile;
Who like me shall sing thy praise,
 Who shall so admire thy grace?
 Lord, thy light and love display,
 Bid my sorrows flee away;
 Everlasting peace restore,
 Bid me disbelieve no more.

LXII.

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LXII. *A Prayer for Preservation.*

JESUS, my living Way,
My sure, my constant friend;
On thee my helpless soul I stay,
On thee alone depend.

My Wisdom, and my Guide,
My Counsellor thou art;
Never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!

Still let thy Spirit, Lord,
Soon as the foe comes in,
His guardian grace and help afford
To stem the tide of sin.

For each assault prepar'd,
Still ready may I be;
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

Thou God of purity,
From all that is unclean,
As from a serpent may I flee,
And rather die than sin.

My soul I cannot save;
Myself I cannot keep;
Shepherd divine, thy help I crave,
To guard thy feeblest sheep,

Now a glimpse of hope appears,
 Then 'tis lost in doubts and fears:
 Thus I waver to and fro,
 Rising high, and sinking low.

Might I but with open face,
 Thee behold as in a glass,
 Dying on th' accursed tree,
 To atone for wretched me:
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 While I love the Lord alone;
 While in thee I taste and feel
 Love immense, unsearchable.

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 Be my guard for ever near:
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 Bid me disbelieve no more.

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 And looking up to thee.

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 From all that is unclean,
 From a serpent may I flee,
 And rather die than sin.

My soul I cannot save;
 Myself I cannot keep;
 Shepherd divine, thy help I crave,
 To guard thy feeblest sheep.

LXIII, *Unbelief reproved.*

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears;
 Then, my Redeemer, then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.

I chide my unbelieving heart,
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

O let me then at length be taught
 What still I am so slow to learn,
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn!

But O, my Lord, one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will;
 Drives doubts and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art more ready to forgive
 Than I am ready to repine;
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

LXIV.

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LXIV. *Encouragement for the Weak.*

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
 Only lean upon his word;
 Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
 His eternal faithfulness.

He sustains thee by his hand,
 He enables thee to stand;
 Those whom Jesus once hath lov'd,
 From his grace are never mov'd.

Human counsels come to nought;
 That shall stand which God hath wrought;
 His compassion, love and power,
 Be the same for evermore.

Heaven and earth may pass away,
 God's free grace shall not decay;
 He hath promis'd to fulfil
 All the pleasure of his will.

Jesus, Guardian of thy flock,
 Thyself our constant rock;
 Take us, by thy powerful hand,
 As strong as Sion's mountain stand.

LXV. *Behold I am vile. Psalm li.*

ORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin,
 And born unholy and unclean;
 Sprung from the Man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin spring up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

Great God, create our hearts anew,
And form our spirits pure and true:
O make us wise betimes, to know
The pardoning love thou canst bestow!

Behold! we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace,
No outward forms can make us clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

Jesus, our God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Lord! let us hear thy pardoning voice,
And make each drooping heart rejoice.

LXVI. *A Prayer for Protection.*

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrims, through this barren land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold us with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, &c.
Feed us till we want no more.

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LXVII.

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Open, Lord, the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong deliverer, &c.
Be thou still our strength and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Let our anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and Hell's destruction,
Lead us safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, &c.
We will ever give to thee.

LXVII. *Breathing after Holiness.*

HOLY LAMB, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live;
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

O! fix each wavering mind,
To thy cross our spirits bind;
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up our souls in love!

Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Make the purchase of thy blood.

Boundless wisdom, power divine,
 Love unspeakable are thine;
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Sons of earth, and hosts of Heaven.

LXVIII. *Invitation to Christ.*

COME, dearest Lord, descend, and dwell,
 By faith and love in every breast;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
 The joys that cannot be express.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength
 Make our enlarged souls possess
 The height, and depth, and breadth, and length
 Of thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God, whose power can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,
 Be everlasting honours done
 By all the church, through Christ, his Son.

LXIX. *Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.*

NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

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My faith would lay her head
On that dear head of thine,
Whilst like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

XX. *Christ's Compassion for the Tempted.*

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Each'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

In the days of feeble flesh,
He pour'd out his cries and tears;
In his measure, feels afresh,
That every member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power,
 Who freely gives delivering grace
 In each distressing hour.

LXXI. *Jesus seen of Angels.*

BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
 Far as th' eternal hills,
 There, in the boundless worlds of light,
 Our dear Redeemer dwells.

Immortal Angels bright and fair,
 In countless armies shine
 At his right-hand with golden harps
 They offer songs divine.

"Hail, Prince!" they cry, "for ever
 "Whose unexampled love
 "Mov'd thee to quit these glorious realms
 "And royalties above."

Through all his travel here below,
 They did his steps attend;
 Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at last
 The scene of love would end.

LXXII.

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They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,
His crimson sweat and gore:

They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er brake before.

They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his Throne;

Capp'd their triumphant wings, and cry'd,
"The glorious work is done."

LXXII. *Panting for the Love of God.*

THOU hidden love of God, whose height

Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,

See from far thy beauteous light,

And inly sigh for thy repose:

My heart is pain'd, nor can it be

At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun

That strives with thee my heart to share?

Al! tear it thence, and reign alone

O Lord of every motion there!

When shall my heart from earth be free,

When it has found repose in thee.

Hide this Self from me, that I

Know no more, but Christ in me may live:

Let vile affections crucify,

Nor let one darling lust survive.

Let all things nothing may I see,

Let me naught desire, or seek, but Thee!

O Love! thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will thro' all my heart,
Thro' all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may, Abba, Father, cry.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice!

LXXIII. *The Beggar*, Matt. vii. 7, 8.

ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Beheld, a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!

No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine
Can help, or pity wants like mine.

The beggar's usual plea
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,

I know thou wouldst disdain:
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

I have no right to say,
 That though I now am poor,
 Yet once there was a day
 When I possessed more:
 Thou know'st that, from my very birth
 I've been, the poorest wretch on earth.

Nor can I dare profess,
 As beggars often do,
 Tho' great is my distress,
 My faults have been but few:
 Thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
 Should be what I well deserve.

Tho' crumbs are much too good
 For such a dog as I;
 No less than children's food
 My soul can satisfy:
 Do not frown and bid me go,
 I have all thou canst bestow,

Nor can I willing be
 Thy bounty to conceal
 From others, who, like me,
 Their want and hunger feel:
 Fill them of thy mercy's store,
 Try to send a thousand more.

Thy thoughts, thou only wise!
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,
 Far as the arched skies
 Above the earth extend:
 Such pleas as mine men would not hear,
 But God receives a beggar's prayer.

LXXIV. *Unfruitfulness lamented.*

LONG have we sat beneath the sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord:
 But still how weak our faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy word!

Oft we frequent thine holy place,
 Yet hear almost in vain:
 How small a portion of thy grace
 Do our false hearts retain!

How cold and feeble is our love!
 How negligent our fear!
 How low our hope of joys above!
 How few affections there!

Great God! thy sovereign aid impart,¹⁰
 To give thy word success;
 Write thy salvation on each heart,
 And make us learn thy grace.

Shew our forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high;
 Where knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

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LXXV. " *My Son, give me thine heart?*

My dearest Lord, take thou my heart,

And there set up thy throne;

So shall I love thee above all,

And live to thee alone.

Complete thy work, and crown thy grace,

That I may faithful prove,

And listen to that still small voice,

Which sweetly whispers love.

Teach me, Lord! thy holy will,

And how that will to do;

And cover me with shame, when I

Do not thy will pursue.

This unction may I ever feel,

This teaching from my Lord,

And learn obedience to thy voice,

Thy soft-reviving word.

LXXVI. *A Prayer for Seriousness.*

Thou God of glorious Majesty!

To thee, against myself, to thee,

A sinful worm I cry:

A half-awaken'd child of man,

A heir of endless bliss or pain,

A sinner born to die.

Thy thoughts, thou only wise!
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,
 Far as the arched skies
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Thou half-awaken'd child of man,
Thou heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure insensible!
 A point of time a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.

O God! mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.

Before me place, in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom?

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale to live,
 And reign with thee above;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full supreme delight
 And everlasting love.

LXXVII.

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LXXVII. *A Prayer for Constancy.*

I LONG to love, but, ah! how far
My thoughts from thee, my Jesus, are!
My wavering heart how wide it roves,
And seeks a thousand earthly loves.

Look gently down, almighty grace,
Surround me by thy kind embrace;
By the soul that would be thine,
And let thy powers my love confine.

I would enjoy my Lord alone,
And bid all meaner joys be gone;
Command my love, and charge my will
To bar the door, and guard it still.

Let still a thousand trifles find
No entrance to pollute my mind:
Thou dearest Lord, with grief I see
How feeble is my love to thee.

Then shall my heart prove false no more,
No other Lord but thee adore?
When shall that bright moment be,
When I shall live alone to thee?

LXXVIII. *A Prayer for a close Walk with God.*

FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame!
Light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is that blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is that soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus, and his word?

What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,
 How sweet their memory still:
 But now I find an aching void,
 Which God alone can fill!

Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made me mourn,
 That drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be;
 Help me to tear it from thy Throne,
 And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 A purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

LXXIX. *A Prayer to the Holy Ghost.*

WHY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days?
 Great Comforter! descend, and bring
 Some tokens of thy grace.

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Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish their complaints,
And shew their sins forgiven?

Assure each conscience of its part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness in each heart,
That we are born of God.

Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of Joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey us home!

LXXX. *A Prayer for quickning Grace.*

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Our faiths languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

LXXXI. *Hope in Darknes*, Psalm xiii.

How long, O Lord, shall I complain
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide,
And let me pray and be deny'd?

Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?
When shall I feel that heavenly ray,
That turns my darkness into day?

Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death seals up my grief;
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
A soul that trusts upon thy grace,
And pleads a Saviour's righteousness!

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LXXXII.

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Whate'er my foes or fears suggest,
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
 And when I feel thy love, I'll raise
 My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

LXXXII. *The Lord our Shepherd.*

THOU Shepherd of Israel divine,
 The joy of the upright in heart,
 For closer communion we pine,
 Till, still to reside where thou art:
 The pasture, O! when shall we find
 Where all, who their shepherd obey,
 Fed on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Shreen'd from the heat of the day?

Shew us that happiest place,
 That place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
 And hang on a crucified God:
 Thy love for lost sinners declare,
 Thy passion, and death on the tree;
 Thy spirits to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.

Be there with the lambs of thy flock,
 Where only we covet to rest,
 Lie at the foot of the rock,
 And live to be hid in thy breast;
 There we would always abide,
 Never a moment depart,
 Serv'd evermore by thy side,
 Fully hid in thine heart.

LXXXIII. *Forbearance of God.*

AND are we wretches yet alive?

And do we yet rebel?

'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love

That bears us up from hell.

The burden of our weighty guilt

Would sink us down to flames;

While threatening vengeance rolls above

To crush our feeble frames.

Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear,"

And strait the thunder stays;

And dare we now provoke his wrath,

And weary out his grace?

Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,

Too long indulg'd our sin;

O that our hearts may bleed, to see

What rebels we have been!

No more, our lusts, may ye command,

No more may we obey;

Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand

And drive thy foes away,

LXXXIV. *Panting after God.*

MY God, my life, my love,

To thee, to thee I call;

I cannot live if thou remove,

For thou art all in all.

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Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis paradise when thou art here ;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are !
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their blifs ;
They fit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face,

Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford :
not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

LXXXV. *For more light and Grace,*

Isa. ix. 2.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and, by thyself revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:
 Light of Life, and Light's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise;
 Scattering all the light of nature,
 Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

Still we wait for thine appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart;
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart:
 Come, and manifest the favour
 Thou hast for the ransom'd race;
 Come, thou dear exalted Saviour,
 Come, and bring thy gospel-grace.

Save us in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild pacific Prince!
 Give the knowledge of salvation;
 Give the pardon of our sins.
 By thine all-restoring merit,
 Every burden'd soul release;
 Every weary, wandering spirit
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

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LXXXVI. *A Prayer for Humility.*

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my Master be,
 Rooted in humility.

From the time that thee I knew,
 Nothing would I have in view;
 Aim at nothing great or high,
 Lowly both in heart and eye.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Chang'd into a little child;
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

Father, fix my soul on thee;
 Every evil let me flee;
 Nothing want beneath, above,
 Happy in thy precious love.

That all may seek, and find
 Every good in Jesus join'd!
 Let Israel still adore,
 Let him, praise him evermore.

LXXXVII. *A Cordial for a drooping Sinner.*

HERE is a voice of soveraign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word;
 O ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord!

O may we hear the gracious call,
And run to this relief;
We would believe thy promise, Lord,
Lord, help our unbelief!

To the blest fountain of thy blood
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;
There may we wash our spotted souls
From crimes of deepest dye!

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
And form our souls anew.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms
On thy kind arm we fall;
Be thou our strength, and righteousness,
Our Jesus and our All.

LXXXVIII. *Death and Judgment.*

Low at thy feet we prostrate fall,
And hail thee as our all in all,
Our God for ever blest:
Humbly we bow beneath thy Throne,
And own thee as our Lord alone
Of endless power possessor.

'Tis from thine hand we now receive
The breath of life by which we live:
If thou withdraw, 'tis gone:
Teach us to live dependent here,
Till thou in judgment shalt appear,
Seated upon thy Throne.

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LXXXIX.

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On thy great name, O Lord, most high,
 We wait a summons from the sky
 With reverential fear:
 Made meet by grace may we be found,
 When the great angel's Trump shall sound
 To call us to thy bar!

Completely drawn our hearts from earth,
 And raise us by a second birth
 To pant for joys above;
 Such as from thy dear presence flow,
 Such as no mortals reach below,
 In uncreated love.

LXXXIX. *A Prayer for the promised Rest.*

DEAR friend of friendless sinners, hear,
 And magnify thy grace divine:
 Pardon a worm that would draw near,
 That would his heart to thee resign:
 A worm, by self and sin oppress'd,
 That pants to reach thy promis'd rest,

With holy fear, and reverend love,
 Long to lie beneath thy Throne;
 Long in thee to live and move,
 And charge myself on thee alone:
 Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
 To find in thee the promis'd rest.

Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be
Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, dear Lord, on thee:
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust on thee, the promis'd rest!

Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,
And vindicate my righteous cause;
Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,
And bend me to obey thy laws:
In thy dear arms of love caress'd,
Give me to find thy promis'd rest.

Bid the tempestuous rage of sin.
With all its wrathful fury die;
Let the Redemer dwell within,
And turn my sorrows into joy:
O may my heart, by thee possess'd,
Know thee to be my promis'd rest!

XC. *Christ's Sufferings our Salvation,*
Psalms lxxix.

DEEP in our hearts we would record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord,
When rising billows once did roll
Deeply to crush his holy soul.
Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Has made this curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins that we had done.

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XC. *Just*

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The pangs of our expiring Lord,
 The honours of thy Law restor'd ;
 His sorrows made thy Justice known,
 Paid for transgressions not his own.

O! for his sake, dear Lord, forgive,
 And let the mourning sinner live ;
 We plead alone the Saviour's name,
 Nor shall our hope be put to shame.

XCI. *Justice and grace revealed to save.*

ALMIGHTY Lord, thy counsels stand
 Like mountains of eternal brass ;
 They stand at thy divine command,
 To prove thy justice and thy grace.

What though the rage of sin should roll,
 And beat against thy lofty Throne ;
 The rage of sin thou canst controul,
 And conquer, by thine Arm alone.

This is the grace I love to sing ;
 The grace that flows in streams of blood
 From the dear heart of Christ, my King,
 My Priest, my Prophet, and my God.

Reveal this grace, almighty Love,
 And each rebellious lust subdue ;
 And let my heart divinely prove
 The wonders that thy grace can do !

XCII. *God our Portion*, Psalm lxxxiii.

GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near;
Thine arm of mercy helps me up,
When sinking in despair.

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide me on
Thro' this dark wilderness;
Thine arm shall guard me to thy throne,
To dwell before thy face.

Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

XCIII. *Dedication to God.*

O GOD, the friend of sinners, see
Rebels before thy footstool fall;
That fly from sin, and fly to thee,
And yield obedience to thy call.

'Twas thy dear work, almighty Love,
That first constrain'd us to obey;
That won our hearts, and made us move
To seek the new, the living way.

Our hearts we yield to thy command,
So dearly bought by richest blood;
Can e'er such love from us demand
Less, than to give ourselves to God?

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We give ourselves away to thee:
And wilt thou claim us as thine own?
Ne'er could such tender mercy be
Met in our Saviour God alone.

What a dear God we now behold,
That wins by such mysterious love!
That can such mighty grace unfold,
And lift us to his throne above.

How shall our hearts bespeak his praise,
And sing the wonders he hath done?
We'll tell to all his mighty grace,
And live and die to him alone.

XCIV. *Mercy magnified.*

FOR a message from above,
Some pledge of my Redemer's love,
To bear my drooping spirits up,
To cheer my heart, and raise my hope!

Sinking beneath thy thunders, Lord,
Down the justice of thy word,
Shouldst thou command me down to dwell,
Deep in the dismal pit of hell.

But thou, my God, art still my trust,
Thou canst forgive, and yet be just;
And make the vilest of thy race
A living monument of grace.

I bless thy mercy, all divine,
That tender attribute of thine,
Reveal'd, the guilty to forgive,
The deepest misery to relieve.

XCIV. *The Penitent pardoned.*

GUILTY and vile before my God,
I dread the vengeance of thy rod;
My sins, like lofty mountains grown,
Might justly bring thy vengeance down.

Thy justice dreadful glory claims,
And bids me sink to endless flames;
And while I hear thy thunders roar,
I own thy justice, and adore.

But there's a throne of grace above,
Where Jesus sits, and rules by love:
He'll send his grace and mercy down,
And all his grace with glory crown.

Jesus, to thee alone I fly;
And wilt thou let a sinner die,
Whilst, trusting on thy sacred blood,
I seek no other way to God?

Thy tender heart will sure forgive,
And bid a guilty sinner live;
For all that come thy grace is free,
For Saul, and Magdalen, and Me.

XCVI.

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XCVI. *The Cry of a Heaven-born Soul.*

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up by thee ?

Give me to pant, and thirst to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ so free !

God only knows the love of God :
That it now were shed abroad
In my poor longing heart !
O might I taste thy love divine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

That I could for ever sit
With Mary, at the Master's feet,
And in his love rejoice !
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice !

Thy love alone may I require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nor aught in heaven above !
Let earth and all its trifles go ;
Give me, O Lord, thy love to know,
Give me thy precious love.

XCVII. *Prayer for the Holy Ghost.*

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
 Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
 Hear, O hear our supplication,
 Loving Spirit, God of peace!
 Rest upon this congregation,
 Great distributor of grace!

From the height which knows no measure,
 As a gracious shower descend;
 Bringing down the richest treasure
 Man can wish, or God can send.
 Come, thou best of all donations
 God can give, or we implore;
 Having thy sweet consolations,
 We can ask, or wish, no more.

Author of our new creation,
 Bid us all thine influence prove;
 Make our souls thy habitation,
 Shed abroad the Saviour's love.
 Make us love whate'er thou chusest,
 Holy fountain, wash us clean;
 Make us fly what thou refusest,
 Save, O save us from all sin.

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Be our friend on each occasion,
 God, omnipotent to save ;
 When we die, be our salvation ;
 When we're buried, be our grave.
 Seat us with thy saints in glory,
 From the grave when we shall rise,
 There for ever to adore thee,
 Lifted high above the skies.

XCVIII. *A Prayer for Nearness and Communion with God.*

God the Saviour we adore,
 Author of eternal grace ;
 Great in glory, great in power,
 Saviour of the fallen race ;
 Hail, thou Sun of Righteousness !
 With thy fullest lustre shine ;
 Sin, and guilt, and darkness chase,
 Life with all thy power divine.

Let us live by thee alone,
 Take thee as our daily food ;
 Let us with thyself be one,
 Daily drink thy richest blood.
 Gently guide and govern us,
 By thy mild and peaceful sway ;
 Lead and keep us near thy cross,
 Bringing us nearer every day.

Quicken and inflame our zeal,
 Make our spirits upwards move ;
 Let us nothing see or feel,
 Nothing taste beside thy love,
 With the cords of love divine
 Draw us to thy glorious throne ;
 There eternally to shine
 Brighter than the noon-day sun.

XCIX. *A Prayer for Pardon.*

BID mighty Lord, my sins depart ;
 Their hateful friendship now I see ;
 Long have they dwelt too near my heart,
 Bid them to endless distance flee.

Those sins that gave my Christ the wound
 That drain'd him of his vital blood ;
 Bid them no more in me be found,
 Those hateful murderers of my God.

Forgive the murder, Prince of Grace,
 For the vile Jews were murderers too ;
 Yet thou didst pray for that vile race,
 " Father, they know not what they do,"

Great Advocate, look down, and see
 A wretch, whose smarting sorrows bleed
 O plead the same excuse for me,
 For Lord, I know not what I did,

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May the soft voice of pardon sound,
And reach the depth of my distress;
Apply the balm that heals the wound,
And all my powers shall sing thy grace,

C. *Hope in Darkneſs.*

A FATHER'S love may raiſe a frown
To chide the child, or prove the ſon,
But love can ne'er deſtroy,
The hour of darkneſs is but ſhort,
God through the night is our ſupport,
And morning brings the joy.

Soon, deareſt Lord, thy love diſplay,
And turn my darkneſs into day,
And fill my heart with joy.
Break, glorious brightneſs, thro' the vail,
And let thy conquering beams prevail,
And every doubt deſtroy.

CI. *Backſlidings lamented.*

HAPPY the time when Jeſus ſhone
With all his radiant power and grace;
Now thoſe happy times are gone,
And Jeſus hides his lovely face.

It be thoſe ſins that griev'd my Lord,
That drovè my Saviour from my breaſt;
It be the grace that gave the word,
That Jeſus in his love ſhould reſt

What though the sun refuse to shine ;
Though for a moment he depart,
His oath and promises divine
Shall bind his people near his heart.

Great God ! be thou our sun and shield,
And bid us urge the battle on ;
Renew the fight, regain the field,
And conquer by thy grace alone.

Thine is unalterable grace,
Nor can thy dear compassions fail ;
While guarded by thy faithfulness,
The powers of hell shall ne'er prevail.

CII. *Hardness and Impenitence lamented.*

BEFORE my Saviour God
I tell my deep distress,
How I have sinn'd against his blood,
And trampled on his grace.

How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies !
Refus'd the tenders of a God,
And mercy's loudest cries !

The offers of his grace,
And all his heaven to me,
Come to my heart like senseless brass
That cannot feel nor see.

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Jesus, the Saviour, stands
To court me from above;
And looks, and spreads his wounded hands,
And shews the prints of love.

Not all his heavenly charms,
Nor terrors of his hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to his command.

O for one powerful glance,
Dear Saviour, from thy face!
This rebel heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy grace.

CHIII. *Be ye also ready*, Matt. xxiv. 44.

PREPARE, prepare, to meet thy God,
Nor trifle with a Saviour's blood;
Attend the voice, immortal souls,
'Tis time, 'tis death, 'tis judgment calls.

Jesus, our spirits waiting stand,
To hear thy great, august command;
Assist us, Lord, to watch and pray,
And realize that solemn day.

Give us a faith that works by love,
To bear our souls to thee above;
Thy heavenly graces all impart,
To cleanse and purify the heart.

Adorn us with thy spotless robe,
And bring us to thy blest'd abode;
Where all thy saints in glory shine,
Cloth'd in a righteousness divine.

There shall we see our Saviour God,
And spread redeeming love abroad,
While listening angels round the throne
Shall join to make thy wonders known.

CIV. *To the Holy Ghost.*

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Cheer our desponding hearts
With visitations sweet;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead us to Jesu's blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

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'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 'Tilluminate the soul;
 To pour fresh life on every part,
 And new create the whole.

Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
 Our minds from bondage free;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

CV. *Christ our Righteousness.*

JESUS, thou art my righteousness,
 For all my sins were thine;
 Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
 Thy life hath made him mine.

Spotless and just, in thee I am
 Eternally forgiven;
 I taste salvation in thy name,
 And antedate my heaven.

For ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 'Tis all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour dy'd.

My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin;
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.

Wash me, and seal me thus thine own;
 Wash me, and mine thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart!

Thy dear atoning blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul is love.

CVI. *Breathing after Holiness.*

ON thee, O God of purity,
 I wait for hallowing grace:
 None, without holiness, shall see
 The glories of thy face.

In souls unholy and unclean
 Thou never canst delight;
 Nor shall they, while unsav'd from sin,
 Appear before thy sight.

Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
 Nor suffer me to slide;
 Make plain thy path before my face,
 And be my constant guide.

O may I ne'er to evil yield,
 Defended from above;
 Secur'd and cover'd by the shield
 Of thy almighty love!

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Jesus, if thou withdraw thy hand,
 That moment sees me fall :
 O may I ne'er on self depend,
 But look to thee for all !

And, even when I feel thy grace,
 And sin seems most subdu'd ;
 I'll wrap me in thy righteousness,
 And plead alone thy blood.

CVII. *The same.*

Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart !

Breathe ! O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast !
 Let us all in thee inherit
 Peace, and joy, and holy rest :
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

Come ! Almighty to deliver,
 Let us life and power receive !
 Come, possess our hearts, and never,
 Never, Lord thy temples leave !
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thine hosts above,
 Bless and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy changeless love.

Carry on thy new creation,
 Happy, holy may we be !
 Let us see thy great salvation
 Perfectly restor'd by thee :
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CVIII. *The Church the Lord's Garden.*

CHRIST has a garden wall'd around,
 Chosen and made peculiar ground ;
 A little spot inclos'd by grace,
 Out of the world's wide wilderness.

Like spicy trees believers stand
 Planted by an Almighty hand ;
 And all the springs in Zion flow,
 To make the rich plantation grow.

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Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend, and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath!

Make th^o our spices flow abroad,
A grateful incense to our God;
Let faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

CIX. *A Prayer for Public Worship.*

FATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
The souls before thy throne;
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son,

All pleas'd, in him, thyself declare,
Thy pardoning love reveal:
Thy peaceful answer of our prayer
To every conscience seal.

Each some heavenly gift bestow,
Some blessing now impart;
The seed of life eternal sow
In every waiting heart.

Thy loving, powerful Spirit shed,
And speak our sins forgiven;
Thy haste throughout the lump to spread
The sanctifying leaven.

Refresh us with a ceaseless shower
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the heart-felt power
Of everlasting love.

O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what we require ;
For Jesus' sake, the gift send down,
And answer us by fire.

Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend ;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

CX. *Christ All in All.*

HOLY Jesus, lovely Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am ;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possesse the whole.

Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to thee ;
Let me chuse the better part,
Let me give thee all my heart.

Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness.

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Whom have I on earth below ? -
 Only thee I long to know ;
 Whom have I in heaven, but thee ?
 Thou art All in All to me.

All my treasure is above,
 All my riches is thy love :
 Who the worth of love can tell ?
 Infinite ! unsearchable !

Nothing else may I require ;
 Let me thee alone desire ;
 'Tis'd with what thy love provides,
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

CIX. *Hope in Christ alone.*

WITTEN on the accursed tree,
 Rock of ages, shelter me ;
 Let the water, and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

From the labours of my hands
 Fulfil thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Helpless look to thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

CXII. *On Electing Love*

IN Jesus approv'd,
Eternally lov'd,
Upheld by thy power, we cannot be mov'd
How happy are we,
Our calling who see,
And venture alone for salvation on thee !

Our seeking thy face
Was all of thy grace,
Thy mercy demands, and shall have all the praise
No sinner can be
Beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free

The soul that believes,
Thy Spirit ne'er leaves,
Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives
The work that's begun
Shall surely be done,
The victory Jesus already hath won.

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Yet one thing we want,
 More holiness grant,
 For more of thy mind, and thine image, we pant;
 Thine image impress
 On thy chosen race;
 O polish, and fashion, thy vessels of grace!

The workmanship we
 More fully would be,
 Lord, take us in hand, and conform us to thee;
 While onward we move
 To Canaan above,
 Come, fill us with holiness, fill us with love.

Vouchsafe us to know
 More of thee below;
 Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow;
 O love and defend,
 And save to the end,
 Till we to the regions above shall ascend.

XIII. Part of the Lamentation of a Sinner.

O LORD, turn not away thy face
 From sinners doom'd to die:
 Alone for pardon, and for grace,
 And mercy, is our cry.

We come before thy gracious throne,
 Where mercy doth abound:
 We beg thy mercy, Lord, alone,
 To heal the deadly wound.

O Lord, we need not to repeat
The grace we humbly crave;
Thou fillest, Lord, thy mercy-seat,
And mercy we would have.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy we ask,
Mercy's the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our suit,
O let thy mercy come!

CXIV. *Holiness our Happiness, and Sin our
Misery.*

HOLY Lord, I come to thee,
God of spotless purity;
All my happiness below
Is, thy holy self to know.
Some will say, that they can find:
Happiness with sin conjoin'd;
But my soul can never be
Full of joy, till full of thee.

Should I stand in glory crown'd,
Joy in crowns could ne'er be found,
Were the torturing curse of sin
With me there to enter in:
All the joys of heaven would be
Only pain and grief to me;
Feeling this alone therein,
Heaven without, but hell within.

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Carry on the mighty work,
 Let not sin presume to lurk
 As a secret foe within ;
 Cleanse thou me, and keep me clean.
 Let thy holy spirit come,
 Claim me as his constant home ;
 All my joys I find in thee ;
 All besides is misery.

CXV. *On a public Fast.*

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend !
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
 Our humble hopes depend.

Tremendous judgments from thy hand
 Thy dreadful power display :
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.

Great God ! and why is Britain spar'd,
 Ungrateful as we are ?
 O make thy awful warnings heard,
 While mercy cries, " Forbear."

What numerous crimes increasing rise,
 Through this most sinful isle !
 What land so favour'd thro' the skies !
 And yet, what land so vile !

How chang'd, alas, are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

Regardless of thy smile or frown,
False pleasures they require;
And sink, with gay indifference, down
To everlasting fire.

O turn thou us, almighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts receive thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

CXVI. *Christ worshipped by all his Creatures.*

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

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Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
 On Sion's heavenly hill;
 Stands as a lamb but newly slain,
 And wears his Priesthood still.

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

CXVII. *Perseverance.*

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust;
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honour is engag'd to save
 The meanest of his sheep;
 All that his heavenly Father gave
 His hands securely keep.

Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
 His chosen from his breast;
 In the dear bosom of his love
 They shall for ever rest.

CXVIII. *The God of Abraham.*

THE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love.
 Jehovah, Great I Am!
 By earth and heaven confest;
 We bow, and bless the sacred name,
 For ever blest.

He keeps his own secure,
 He guards them by his side;
 Arrays in garments bright and pure
 His chosen bride:
 With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys,
 With all the fruits of paradise,
 He still supplies.

The goodly land we see,
 With peace and plenty blest;
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest:
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound;
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With glory crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King.
 The Lord our Righteousness;

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Triumphant o'er the world, and sin,
 The Prince of Peace
 On Sion's sacred height
 His kingdom still maintains;
 And, glorious, with his saints in light
 For ever reigns.

Before the great Three-One
 His saints exulting stand;
 And shout the wonders grace hath done,
 Through all their land:
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame;
 And sing, in songs that never end,
 The Wondrous Name!

The Triune God on high
 The glad archangels sing:
 And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
 "Almighty King!
 "Who wast, and art, the same;
 "And evermore shall be:
 "Hail, Father, Spirit, Son! I Am!
 "We worship thee."

CXIX. *The Triumph of Faith.*

HEAD of thy church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee;
 Till thou appear,
 Thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory:

We lift our hearts and voices,
 With blest anticipation;
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The praise of our salvation,
 We clap our hands, exulting
 In thine almighty favour;
 The love divine
 Which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.
 By faith we see the glory
 To which thou shalt restore us;
 The cross despise
 For that high prize
 Which thou hast set before us.

CXX. *Offices of Christ.*

JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That mortals ever knew,
 Or angels ever bore:
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

Lo! what endearing words,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use
 To teach his heavenly grace!
 My soul, with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love Christ bears for thee,

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Great Prophet of our God,
 Our souls would bless thy name :
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news of sin forgiven,
 Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven.

Jesus, our great High-priest,
 Offer'd his blood, and dy'd ;
 Let guilty sinners seek
 No sacrifice but thee :
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.

Thou dear almighty Lord,
 Our Conqueror and our King,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace we sing.
 Thine is the power ; O may we sit
 In willing bonds beneath thy feet !

CXXI. *The Same.* Second Part,

ARRAY'D in mortal flesh,
 Christ, the great Angel, stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands :
 Commission'd from his Father's throne,
 To make his grace to mortals known.

Be thou our Counsellor,
 Our Pattern and our Guide ;
 And thro' this desert land
 Still keep us near thy side.
 O, let our feet ne'er run astray,
 But follow thee, the Living Way.

Sweet is the Shepherd's voice,
 Whose watchful eye doth keep
 Poor wandering souls among
 The thousands of his flock ;
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

To this dear Surety's hands,
 My soul, commend thy cause ;
 He answers and fulfils
 His Father's broken laws ;
 Believing souls now free are set,
 For Christ hath paid the dreadful debt.

Our advocate appears
 For our defence on high ;
 The Father bows his ears,
 And lays his thunder by :
 Not all that hell, or sin, can say,
 Shall turn his heart, his love away.

Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on ;
 We shall be safe, while Christ displays
 Superior power and guardian grace.

CXXII.

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CXXII. *The Blessings of a View of Heaven.*

WHEN we behold the heavenly state,
 The rest that doth thy saints await,
 What streams of comfort fill the soul !
 What floods of bliss around us roll !

Above the world by faith we rise,
 And taste the joys above the skies ;
 With angels feast, with angels join
 In hymns immortal and divine.

On wings of love still upwards borne,
 Downward we look with holy scorn ;
 The pains and pleasures of this life
 Afford us neither joy nor grief.

While we enjoy this blissful sight
 With hearts o'erwhelm'd with sweet delight,
 We long to reach the heavenly shore,
 And see this evil world no more.

O how we dread to sin again !
 'Tis sin alone that gives us pain ;
 We wish to melt in tears of blood,
 Because we sin against our God.

But what are all these tastes of love,
 To those we shall enjoy above ?
 Just as a drop to all the sea,
 A moment to eternity !

Sinners, who feed on wine and lust,
And with the serpent lick the dust,
Come, taste the streams that here below
From the rich wells of Sion flow.

Saints, who have tasted of this grace,
Drink more and more with thankfulness;
Drink heavenly wine, eat heavenly food,
And feast till you are fill'd with God.

CXXIII. *Sinners of whom I am Chief.*

DID ever one of Adam's race
Cost thee, my Lord, more toil and grate
Than I have done, before my soul
Could yield to thy divine controul?

How great the power, how vast the sway,
That first constrain'd me to obey!
How large the grace thou didst impart,
That conquer'd sin, and won my heart!

Vile was my heart, deep plung'd in sin;
A dismal den of thieves within,
Where ev'ry lust presum'd to dwell,
The hateful progeny of hell.

A deep apostate from my God,
I trampled on the Saviour's blood;
I scorn'd his mercy, mock'd his pain,
And crucify'd my Lord again.

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But, lo! the chief of sinners now
Is brought before thy throne to bow;
Surely this mighty power from thee
Can conquer all that conquers me.

Hail, dearest Lord, my choicest love,
By pity drawn from realms above,
I wonder at that grace of thine,
That won a heart so vile as mine.

CXXIV. *Jesus the Sinner's Confidence.*

WHEN Jesus our Shepherd is near,
How quickly all sorrows depart!
New glories around us appear,
New spirits enliven the heart:
His presence gives peace to the soul,
And Satan assaults us in vain;
If Jesus his power controul,
His malice we boldly disdain.

But, ah! what a change do we find,
When Jesus withdraws from our sight!
Our fears all return to the mind,
Our day is soon chang'd into night,
Then Satan his efforts renews,
To vex and ensnare us again:
Our pleasing enjoyments we lose,
And only lament and complain,

By what we so often pass thro',
 We learn our own weakness to know;
 We learn what the Shepherd can do,
 How much to his mercy we owe.
 'Tis he who supports us thro' all,
 Poor sinners he loves to sustain:
 He answers our prayer when we call,
 And then we can praise him again.
 Why, then, should we murmur and grieve,
 Since Jesus is always the same?
 He promises never to leave
 The soul that confides in his name:
 To save us from all that we fear,
 Himself he resign'd to be slain;
 We trust that he still will appear,
 To cherish and comfort again,
 While here, in an enemy's land,
 We cannot be always at peace;
 If Jesus, our friend, is at hand,
 We sure shall have timely release:
 Ere long he will bid us remove
 From regions of sorrow and grief,
 To rest in his presence above,
 And give us eternal relief.

CXXV. *God glorious, and Sinners saved.*

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known through the earth by thousand signs
 By thousands thro' the skies,

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Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power ;
 Their motions speak thy will :
 And on the wings of every hour
 We read thy patience still.

But, when we view thy great design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion shine
 In their divinest forms.

Our thoughts are lost in joyful awe ;
 We love and we adore :
 The first archangel never saw
 So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known ;
 Nor dares a creature guess,
 Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The justice, or the grace.

Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains ;
 Bright seraphs chaunt Immanuel's name,
 And bring their choicest strains,

O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song !
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

CXXVI. *A Song for Pilgrims.*

' **A** WAKE our souls, away our fears ;
 Let every trembling thought be gone :
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
 But Jesus is the mighty God,
 Who feeds the strength of every saint.

From thee, the ever-flowing spring,
 Believers drink a fresh supply ;
 While such as trust their native strength,
 Will melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 O may we mount to thine abode !
 On wings of love to Jesus fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heavenly road !

CXXVII. *Christ the Sinner's Sacrifice.*

ALL ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh,
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
 Our ransom and peace,
 Our surety he is,
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his,

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The Lord, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away :
He dy'd to atone
For sins not his own ;
The Father hath punish'd for us his dear Son.

Come, lift up your eyes,
At Jesus's cries,
Behold how he suffers ! how patient he dies !
For sinners like me
He died on the tree ;
His death is accepted, the sinner is free.

O may we approve
This wonderful love !
A wonder to all, both below and above !
Love mov'd him to die ;
This therefore we cry,
Our Jesus has lov'd us, we cannot say why.

But this we can tell,
He lov'd us so well,
By losing his life he redeem'd us from hell :
He ransom'd our race ;
O how shall we praise,
Or worthily sing, his unspeakable grace !

CXXVIII. *The Same.* Second Part.

O GOD of all grace,
 Thy mercy we praise,
 Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place;
 He came from above
 Our curse to remove,
 He, loving, did love us, because he would love

What tho' we withstood,
 And fled from our God,
 Yet still there is mercy thro' Jesus's blood:
 O let us embrace
 The ransoming grace,
 Of him who hath suffer'd, and dy'd in our place

When time is no more,
 We still shall adore
 The mercy of Christ, without bottom or shore
 Our Saviour and friend
 His love shall extend;
 It knows no beginning, and never shall end.

For sinners alone
 Did Jesus atone,
 Our debt he hath paid, and our penalty borne
 And shall he not have
 The lives which he gave,
 An infinite ransom, for ever to save.

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Yes, Lord, we are thine;
 O may we resign
 Our souls to be fill'd with the fulness divine!
 We yield thee thine own,
 To serve thee alone;
 Thy will upon earth, as in heaven, be done.

CXXIX. *Adoration of Divine Mercy.*

COME, happy souls, approach your God
 With new melodious songs;
 Come, tender to Almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the love
 That pity'd dying men,
 The Father sent his equal Son
 To give them life again.

Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
 With a revenging rod;
 No hard commission to perform
 The vengeance of a God,

But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on his kind errand came,
 And brought salvation down.

Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
 And wipe your sorrows dry;
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
 And you shall never die.

O dearest Lord, make every soul
Accept thine offer'd grace:
Then will we bless the Saviour's love,
And give the Father praise.

CXXX. *Christ exalted.*

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
Whilst in his glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

Princes to his imperial throne
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, powers, and thrones rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

His head, that dear majestic head,
Which cruel thorns did wound,
Lo! what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!

This is the Saviour God and Man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

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Lord, set our spirits all on fire
To see thy blest'd abode;
And tune our hearts to sing the praise
Of our incarnate God!

CXXXI. *God faithful to his Word.*

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
Prepare my heart, to sing
The mighty works, and mightier name,
Of Christ our heavenly King.

Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And promise-keeping God.

Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men;
Whose hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.

The sacred word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Spoke all the promises.

O might I hear thine heavenly tongue
But whisper, Thou art mine !
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Then would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure :
Give me to hear thy pardoning voice,
And faith desires no more.

CXXXII. *Adoration of Christ.*

O THOU, in whom the Gentiles trust,
Thou only holy, only just,
Tune all our souls to praise thy name,
Jesus ! unchangeable ! the same !

If angels, while to thee they sing,
Wrap up their faces in their wing,
How shall we, sinful dust, draw nigh
The great, the awful Deity ?

Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb !
Thou holy Lord, thou great I Am !
Thy matchless power, thy grace we bless,
Our joy, our peace, our righteousness !

Live, ever-glorious Jesus ! live,
Worthy all blessings to receive ;
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
With every power beneath thy feet !

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CXXXIII. *The same.*

LET us all unite to bless
 Jesus Christ, our joy and peace :
 Let our praise to him be given,
 High at God's right hand in heaven.

Master, lo ! to thee we bow,
 Thou art Lord, and only thou ;
 Hail, thou blessed Virgin's seed !
 Endless glory crown thy head !

All thine angels ceaseless sing,
 Thee our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 Worthy is thy name of praise,
 Full of glory, full of grace !

Thou hast gladsome tidings brought
 Of salvation by thee wrought ;
 Wrought for all thy church ; and we
 Worship in their company.

We, thy little flock, adore
 Thee, the Lord, for evermore :
 Ever with us shew thy love,
 Till we join thy hosts above.

CXXXIV. *A Farewel to the World.*

TELL me no more
 Of earthly vain store ;
 The time for such trifles, thro' mercy, is o'er.

A Canaan I've found
Where true joys abound,
'Tis heavenly dwelling on that happy ground.

The souls that believe,
In paradise live,
And me in that number may Jesus receive!

No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What life, love and comfort: go after him, go.

Ah! do not delay,
Christ calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

And when I shall die,
"Receive me," I'll cry;
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.

But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

And now I'm in care
My neighbours may share [dare
These blessings: To seek them will none of you

In bondage, O why,
And death will you lie,
When Jesus assures you free grace is so nigh

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CXXXV. *Christ our great Melchisedec.*

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of thee;
 No music like thy charming name
 Doth sound so sweet to me.
 O let us ever hear thy voice
 In mercy to us speak,
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedec !
 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay ;
 We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
 When all things else decay.
 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all thy favour'd throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

CXXXVI. *The same.* Psalm cx.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
 And with thy Father sit,
 In Sion shall thy power be known,
 Till all thy foes submit.

God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
 Nor changes what he swore,
 Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,
 And Aaron's be no more.

Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
That King of high degree,
That holy man that Abraham blest,
Was but a type of thee.

We bless our Priest, who ever lives
To plead our cause above :
We bless our King, who ever gives
The blessings of his love.

CXXXVII. *A Triumph Song.*

COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To taste of a banquet above :
If through mercy divine,
For our Jesus we pine,
Let us mount the bless'd chariot of love.

When in Christ we confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath :
With the prophet we soar
To that heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve;
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

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Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live
In the city of God the great King!
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

What a rapturous song,
When the glorify'd throng
In the spirit of harmony join!
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
For the burden is mercy divine.

Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I Am;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again:
Hallelujah, to God and the Lamb!

CXXXVIII. *Worthy the Lamb.*

GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply;
Praise ye his name:
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

Jesus, our Lord and God
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name :
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won ;
Sing his great name alone ;
Worthy the Lamb.

While they around the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name :
They who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

Join all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless ;
Praise ye his name :
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name :
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing, sing
Worthy the Lamb.

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CXXXIX.

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Then let the hosts above,
 In realms of endless love,
 Praise his dear name :
 To him ascribed be
 Honour and majesty,
 Thro' all eternity;
 Worthy the Lamb.

CXXXIX. *Glory and Grace in the Person of
 Christ.*

Now to the Lord, a noble song;
 Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
 Adore his great eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesu's face,
 The brightest image of his grace!
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
 Exult my soul, at Jesu's name:
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
 Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

O that we all may reach the place,
 Where he unveils his lovely face;
 Where all his beauties we behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold!

CXL. *Preserving Grace.*

To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

He will present his saints
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

To our redeeming God,
Wisdom and power belongs;
Crown'd with immortal majesty,
And prais'd in endless songs.

CXLII. *Panting to praise.*

O WHAT shall we do
Our Saviour to praise;
So faithful and true,
So plenteous in grace;

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So strong to deliver,
 So good to redeem,
 The weakest believer
 That hangs upon him !

How happy the man
 Whose heart is set free,
 The people that can
 Be joyful in thee !
 Their joy is to walk in
 The light of thy face,
 And still they are talking
 Of Jesus's grace.

Their daily delight
 Shall be in thy name ;
 Alone through thy right,
 Salvation they claim :
 The righteousness wearing,
 And cleans'd by thy blood,
 Bold shall they appear, in
 The presence of God.

For thou art their boast,
 Their glory, their power,
 And we also trust
 To see the glad hour,
 Our souls' new creation,
 Our life from the dead,
 The day of salvation,
 That lifts up the head.

On thy mighty power
Teach us to rely,
All evil before
Thy presence must fly ;
Come, Jesus, our Saviour,
And never depart ;
For ever and ever,
Come, dwell in each heart.

CXLII. *Dedication to God.*

LORD, when my thoughts delight to rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
The sight revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
On thine atoning blood rely ;
And on thy righteousness depend,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.

Be all my heart, and all my days,
Devoted to thy single praise,
And let my glad obedience prove,
How much I owe, how much I love.

CXLIII. *Praise for electing Love.*

WHAT a merciful Saviour is ours !
What fulness of grace he displays !
Not one of the heavenly powers
Can equal his excellent praise.

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Then how shall poor sinners declare
His tenderness, mercy, and love,
Who soon shall be brought to appear
To triumph in heaven above?

When down to the regions of hell
Poor sinners are running apace,
Of wonderful mercy we tell,
Of infinite riches and grace!
'Twas Jesus triumphantly came
Omnipotent love to reveal;
Our pardon he dies to proclaim,
His Spirit he gives as the seal.

Eternally fix'd in his love,
The sinner he'll never reject;
Nor ever his mercy remove
From one of the happy elect.
In faithfulness will he not keep
The souls that were given to him?
He has not a lamb or a sheep
But what he will surely redeem.

But shall we continue in sin,
That grace may prevail and abound?
May what thou dost kindly begin,
Dear Saviour, in glory be crown'd!
These idols for ever remove
That strive in my heart for a place,
That holiness ever may prove
Th' effect of distinguishing grace,

CXLIV. *Unchangeable Love.*

IF Jesus is ours,
 We have a true friend ;
 His goodness endures
 The same to the end.
 Our comforts may vary,
 Our frames may decline ;
 We cannot miscarry,
 Our aid is divine.
 Can women forget
 Their sucklings at home,
 And cruelly treat
 The fruit of their womb ?
 Yet God hath engraven
 Our names on his hand,
 Our building in heaven
 For ever shall stand.
 A moment he hid
 The light of his face ;
 Yet firmly decreed
 To save us by grace.
 And tho' he reproved us,
 And still should reprove,
 Yet ever he lov'd us,
 And ever will love.
 When men can reveal
 The height of the skies,
 And certainly tell
 Where earth's centre lies ;

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Then Israel's defection
And treacherous ways,
Shall cause their rejection
From glory and grace.

Tho' God may delay
To shew us his light,
And heaviness may
Endure for a night;
Yet joy in the morning
Shall surely abound;
No shadow of turning
In Jesus is found.

Then tune every string
To Jesus's name;
With angels we sing
The song of the Lamb.
Thee every believer
Shall joyfully praise,
The bountiful giver,
Of glory and grace.

CXLV. *Gratitude.*

WHAT shall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious Lord of life and power?
Teach us to bow the humble knee,
Teach us with thankfulness to adore;
To praise thee as thy saints above,
To praise thee for thy wondrous love.

When, like lost sheep, we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's eye ;
When borne along th' impetuous tide
Of this world's sin and vanity ;

Then Jesus from the heavens came down
To save us by his grace alone.

He bore our sins upon the tree,
To seek and save the lost he came ;
There was he bound, to set us free
From death and everlasting shame :
The captive flock from hell was freed,
And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.

Before the Father's awful throne
Our merciful High Priest yet stands,
And, interceding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands ;
His people's everlasting friend,
Who loving—loves them to the end.

May we, his banish'd ones, rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take him as our only choice,
And cleave to him, in love, alone :
Still growing up in holiness,
Till call'd to meet in realms of peace.

Then shall our grateful songs abound,
And every tear be wip'd away ;
No sin, no sorrow shall be found,
No night o'ercloud that endless day :
O praise him ! all beneath, above,
O praise him ! praise the God of love.

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CXLVII
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CXLVI. *Isaiah xlv. 23.*

YE heavens rejoice
 In Jesus's grace ;
 Let earth make a noise,
 And echo his praise :
 The great congregation,
 Below and above,
 Redeem'd by his passion,
 Shall sing of his love.

Ye mountains and vales,
 In praises abound ;
 Ye hills and ye dales,
 Continue the sound.
 Break forth into singing
 Ye trees of the wood,
 For Jesus is bringing
 Lost sinners to God.

Atonement he made
 For each of his own ;
 Their debt he hath paid,
 Their work he hath done :
 With glad exultation
 His triumph proclaim,
 Ascribing salvation
 To God and the Lamb.

CXLVII. *Who is he that condemneth ?*

SING, ye saints, by grace defended,
 Walking in sweet liberty,
 Since the Saviour us befriended
 By his dying on the tree !

Such as find him, find a sweetness,
 Deep, mysterious, and unknown,
 As at once creates a meetness
 To enjoy a heavenly throne.

Satan now may come and try us,
 Christ will disappoint his aim;
 Tho' his fiery darts pass by us,
 We shall ne'er be put to shame.
 While in thee we find salvation,
 Let who will our souls condemn,
 There remains no condemnation
 For the souls thou didst redeem.

Tho' by man we are rejected,
 Tho' the world should us despise;
 While alone by thee respected,
 We can wipe our weeping eyes,
 Tho' our consciences accuse us
 Of our sins and follies past;
 Thou wilt never, Lord, refuse us,
 But will love us to the last.

Tho' no single soul approves us,
 Still our hopes are none the less,
 While the loving Saviour loves us,
 Fills us with sweet joy and peace.
 Lord, accomplish all our wishes,
 With full glory on us shine;
 Kiss our hearts with holy kisses,*
 Better is thy love than wine.

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CXLVIII. *A Song of Praise.*

COME, thou font of every blessing,
 Tune our hearts to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise:
 Teach us some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—O fix us on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love!

Here we raise our Eben-Ezer,
 Hither by thine help we're come:
 Trusting, Lord, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus fought us all when strangers,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue us from dangers,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

Oh! to grace what mighty debtors
 Daily we're constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace, like loving fetters,
 Bind our wandring hearts to thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, we feel them,
 Prone to leave the God of love;
 Take our hearts: O take, and seal them!
 Seal them from thy courts above.

CXLIX. *The Lord our Shepherd.* Ps. xxiii

THE Lord supplies his people's need,
 Jehovah is his name:
 In pastures fair he makes us feed
 Beside the living stream.

He brings our wandering spirits back,
When we forsake his ways,
And lead us, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

When walking thro' the shades of death,
His presence is our stay :
A word of his supporting breath
Drives all our fears away.

His hand, in sight of all our foes,
Doth still our table spread ;
Our cups with blessings overflows,
His oil anoints our head.

The sure provisions of our God
Attend us all our days :
May his dear house be our abode,
And all our works his praise !

CL. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

BEGIN, ye saints, the happy song,
Let love inspire the theme ;
'Tis Jesus's grace,
That calls for our praise,
'Twas Jesus alone did redeem.

When justice fix'd the sinner's fate
In endless woe to dwell ;
'Twas Jesus that stood
Resisting to blood,
And ransom'd the sinner from hell.

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Our only Advocate and Friend,
The mighty work he wrought;
When bowing his head,
“ ’Tis finish’d,” he said;
O sinner, exult at the thought !

A spotless victim to the cross
Himself he thus resign’d:
Then enter’d the grave,
The wretched to save.
The poor, and the halt, and the blind.

Lo! now in bliss our cause he pleads,
Till we behold his face;
Unchangeable love
To us he will prove,
Eternal in mercy and grace.

Then let us lift our loudest praise
To Sion’s holy King;
He’s worthy, we own,
Who sits on the throne:
Hosanna to Jesus we sing.

CLI. *Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness,
Sanctification, and Redemption.*

BURY’D in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, " The Lord our Righteousness."

Jesus beholds where satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains:
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from their necks.

Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, may we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee!

CLII. *Encouragement for the Weak.*

YE souls that are weak,
And helpless, and poor,
Who know not to speak,
Much less to do more:
Lo! here's a foundation
For comfort and peace!
In Christ is salvation,
The kingdom is his.

With power he rules,
And wonders performs;
Gives conduct to fools,
And courage to worms;

Beset by fore evils
 Without and within,
 By legions of devils,
 And mountains of sin.

Then be not afraid,
 All power is given
 To Jesus our Head,
 In earth and in heaven :
 Thro' him we shall conquer
 The mightiest foes ;
 Our Captain is stronger
 Than all that oppose.

His power from above
 He'll kindly impart ;
 So free is his love !
 So tender his heart !
 Renew'd by his Spirit,
 And wash'd in his blood,
 We sweetly inherit
 The peace of our God.

Thy grace we adore,
 Director divine ;
 The kingdom, and power,
 And glory are thine :
 Preserve us from running
 On rocks, or on shelves,
 From foes strong and cunning
 But most from ourselves.

Reign o'er us as King ;
 Accomplish thy will ;
 And each of us bring
 To Zion's blest'd hill :
 There falling before thee,
 And praising thy name,
 We'll ever adore thee,
 For ever the same.

CLIII. *Psalms* c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow, with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men :
 And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.

We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth will stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

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CLIV. *Praise for salvation.*

OUR Shepherd alone,
 The Lord let us bless,
 Who reigns on his throne,
 The Prince of our peace ;
 Who evermore saves us
 By shedding his blood ;
 All hail, holy Jesus,
 Our Lord and our God !

We thankfully sing
 Thy glory and praise,
 Thou merciful spring
 Of pity and grace :
 Thy kindness for ever
 To men we will tell ;
 And say, Our dear Saviour
 Redeems us from hell.

Preserve us in love,
 While here we abide ;
 O never remove
 Thy presence, nor hide
 Thy glorious salvation,
 Till joyful we see
 The beautiful vision
 Completed in thee !

CLV. *The Lord our Righteousness.*

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress :
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies,
Ev'n then, shall this be all my plea :
" Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me."

Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
While thro' thy blood absolv'd I am,
From sin's tremendous curse, and shame.

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years :
No age can change it glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

O ! let the dead now hear thy voice,
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, The Lord our Righteousness.

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CLVI. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place.
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove :
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course :
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source :
 Thus a soul new-born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon the Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchange'd for heaven.

CLVII. *The same.*

STRANGERS and pilgrims here on earth,
Behold thy lowly followers, Lord;
Call'd to the work by second birth,
We yield obedience to thy word.

Gladly the summons we obey,
To tread the paths of joy and peace;
We bless the sun that makes the day,
We bless the Sun of Righteousness.

Cheer'd by the healing beams we rise,
Call'd forth by grace from graves of sin;
We soar aloft, and seek the skies,
And everlasting glories win.

What tho' with dangers all around,
We combat with a thousand foes,
We soon shall reach the happy ground
Where peace prevails, and pleasure flows.

Tho' sighs and grief our heart should heave,
And tears bedew the way we tread,
Each downcast heart thou wilt relieve,
And dry the tears that once we shed.

Thy hand sustains the poor with bread,
The fainting cheers with Canaan's wine;
The meek thou wilt in judgment lead,
The feeble bless with strength divine.

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Tho' lofty mountains of despair
 Arise to sink us down to hell,
 They shall as lowly vales appear
 Before our great Zerubbabel.

Hofanna to the pilgrim's Lord;
 He'll guard us to his rest above:
 He is our shield and great reward,
 Hofanna to the God of love!

CLVIII. *Praise for Preservation*, Ps. cxlvi.

PRAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise;
 His nature and his works unite
 To make his praises our delight.

His truth for ever stands secure,
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.

His saints are lovely in his sight,
 He views his children with delight;
 He sees their hopes, knows all they fear,
 Loves and supports his image there.

CLIX, *The Christian's Triumph.*

WHO can have greater cause to sing,
 Who greater cause to bless,
 Than children of the heavenly King,
 Who Jesus Christ possess?

With angel-hosts, dear Lord, we join
 To praise thy love and power,
 To magnify thy grace divine,
 Thou wondrous Counsellor.

We late were satan's captives led,
 And hell had been our end,
 Hadst thou not for our pardon bled,
 Thou sinner's only friend.

For this we ne'er will hold our tongue,
 Nor let our praises cease:
 We evermore will sing that song,
 The Lord our Righteousness.

No other Lord we know but thee,
 None else did us create:
 Thy glory may we ever be,
 O holy Advocate!

'Twas thou, and only thou, didst take
 The Mediator's place,
 When we the Father's statutes brake:
 All hail, thou Prince of Peace!

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O may we prove thee still the same,
 Whene'er our need we see:
 Thou bearest still the Saviour's name,
 Our Saviour thou shalt be.

CLX. *Praise to Christ.*

YE servants of God,
 Your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful name:
 The name all victorious
 Of Jesus extol;
 His kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save,
 And still he is nigh,
 His presence we have:
 The great congregation
 His triumph will sing,
 Ascribing salvation
 To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God
 Who sits on his throne,
 Let all cry aloud,
 And honour the Son;

Our Jesus's praises
 All angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces,
 And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore,
 And give him his right,
 All glory, and power,
 And wisdom, and might ;
 All honour and blessing
 With angels above,
 And thanks never-ceasing
 For Jesus's love.

CLXI. *Praise to the Creator and Redeemer.*

How can we adore,
 Or worthily praise,
 Thy mercy and power,
 Thou God of all grace !
 With honour and blessing
 Before thee we fall,
 Most gladly confessing
 Thee Father of all.

The heavens and earth,
 And water and air,
 To thee owe their birth,
 Subsist by thy care ;

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While angels are singing
Thy praises above,
We mortals are bringing
Our tribute of love.

Thou, Saviour, art one
With God the supreme,
His eternal Son,
Co-equal with him:
Invested with glory,
On high dost thou sit,
While angels adore thee,
And bow at thy feet.

How great was thy love!
How wondrous thy grace!
To come from above,
And save a lost race;
And, man to deliver,
Of woman was born,
That every believer
To God might return.

How soon will thy seat
Of judgment appear!
Prepare us to meet,
And welcome thee there:
Thy witnessing Spirit
In us shed abroad,
And bid us inherit
The kingdom of God.

CLXII. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known:
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from this place;
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasures less.

The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below;
 And heavenly fruits, on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope will grow.

The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand holy sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

CLXIII. *Rejoicing in Hope.*

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing:
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

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Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Oh, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
Ye on Jesus's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bid you undismay'd go on.

Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

CLXIV *The Privileges of the People of God.*

BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesu's blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive
When on Jesus they believe.

They are justify'd by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day.

They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.

They are lights upon the earth,
Children of an heavenly birth;
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within.

They have fellowship with God,
Thro' the Mediator's blood;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ:
With them number'd may we be
Here, and in eternity.

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CLXV. *Praise for Redemption.*

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair

We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace

Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!

He came to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above,

With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

O! for this love let rocks and hills

Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak,

Angels, assist our might joys,

Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

CLXVI. *The Song of Moses and the Lamb.*

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising power,
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.

Sing till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues,
 Sing till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.

Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ th' eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear him say,
 Ye blessed children, come;
 Soon will he call you hence away,
 And take his pilgrims home.

CLXVII. *Rejoice evermore.* 1 Thess. v. 16.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
 Your Lord and King adore:
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore.
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say rejoice.

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Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above.
Lift up your hearts, &c.

He all our foes shall quell,
And satan's works destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy.
Lift up your hearts, &c.

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.
Lift up your hearts, &c.

He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your hearts, &c.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his pilgrims up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice. p 2

CLXVIII. *Christ's Sufferings and Glory.*

Now for a tune of lofty praise
 To great Jehovah's equal Son,
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
 Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Sing how he left the worlds of light,
 And the bright robes he wore above;
 How swift and joyful was his flight,
 On wings of everlasting love.

Down to this base, this sinful earth
 He came, to raise our natures high;
 He came t' atone Almighty wrath,
 Jesus the God was born to die.

Deep in the shades of gloomy death
 'Th' Almighty captive prisoner lay;
 'Th' Almighty captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Up to the throne of shining grace;
 See what immortal glories fit
 Round the sweet beauties of his face.

Amidst a thousand harps and songs
 Jesus our God exalted reigns;
 His sacred name fills all their tongues,
 And echoes thro' the heavenly plains.

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CLXIX. *The First and Second Adam.*

A^{DAM}, our father and our head,
 Transgress'd; and justice doom'd us dead;
 The fiery law speaks all despair,
 There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

But, O unutterable grace!
 Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;
 Down to the world the Saviour flies,
 Suffers our curse, and groans, and dies.

O the compassions of our God,
 To pay our debts with heavenly blood!
 Our utmost penalties he bore,
 Justice itself could ask no more.

We bless the dear incarnate Son,
 And sing the glories he hath won:
 With loudest notes we join to tell
 The wonders he perform'd so well.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
 By all thy flaming hosts ador'd:
 Take the reward of all thy pains,
 And bind the monster sin in chains.

CLXX. *Admiration of the Love of Christ.*

T^{HE} fairest of ten thousand fairs,
 Bends down his chariot from the skies;
 Infinite grace his way prepares,
 Infinite love adorns his eyes.

O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
 And make a heart of iron move,
 That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
 Should seek and wish a mortal love!

When, as a traitor doom'd to fire,
 I stood condemn'd to endless pains;
 He flew on wings of strong desire,
 Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

Did pity ever stoop so low,
 Dress'd in divinity and blood?
 Was ever rebel courted so
 In groans of an expiring God?

Now may my tongue in ceaseless praise
 Make known the wonders he hath done;
 May all my heart admire his grace,
 And all my life be his alone.

CLXXI. Revelation v. 9, &c.

JOIN, ye redeemed heirs of grace,
 In a new song of lofty praise;
 Jesus is worthy to receive
 The utmost glories ye can give.

Worthy, thou dear atoning Lamb,
 From every kindred, tongue, and name,
 Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
 And made us kings, and priests to God,

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Bless'd be thy name, for ever bless'd,
Of wisdom, power, and strength possess'd;
Honour and might, and glory too,
We give thee, as thine endless due.

More than ten thousand thousand tongues,
With thousand thousands join in songs,
With all their powers their God to own,
And the dear Lamb that fills the throne.

Unnumber'd hosts thy glories sing,
They hail thee as their Lord and King;
Not one bright crown is worn above,
But what is own'd a gift of love.

Elders, and saints, and angels join
In work so wondrous and divine;
Their glories at thy footstool lay,
And praise thee thro' an endless day.

CLXXII. *The Kingdom of Christ exalted.*
Psalm lxii.

GREAT GOD, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
Thy sceptre well becomes his hand;
All heaven submits to his command;
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
 So shall he send his influence down:
 His grace on fainting souls distils,
 Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The fainting souls that lie beneath
 The shades of overspreading death,
 Revivè at his first dawning light,
 Cheer'd by his beams divinely bright.

The saints shall flourish all his days,
 Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
 While peace, like rivers from his throne;
 Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

CLXXIII. *The Same.* Second Part.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 His vast successive course shall run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wain no more

To him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praise throng to crown his head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
 With every evening sacrifice.

People, and realms of every tongue,
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.

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Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
 The prisoner leaps to loose his chains :
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

Where he displays his healing power,
 Death and the curse are known no more ;
 In him the fallen race can boast
 More blessings gain'd than e'er were lost.

Let every creature rise, and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the long Amen.

CLXXIV. *Christ the Lord of All.*

Ye saints of God arise, and sing
 The glories of our conquering King ;
 Angels, obey th' eternal call,
 And join to crown him, Lord of all.

Sing of the trophies that he gains ;
 By death, o'er death he ever reigns :
 He reigns, to raise us from our fall ;
 O praise him—crown him, Lord of all.

O'er death triumphant, and the grave,
 Rising, he proves his power to save :
 His rising power and grace extol ;
 For ever crown him, Lord of all.

Lo, now the Intercessor stands,
And spreads for us his bleeding hands:
He reigns above, and ever shall
Be sung, and crown'd, the Lord of all.

CLXXV. *Restoring and preserving Grace.*

AWAKE, my heart, awake, my tongue,
The Saviour's love shall swell my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

To thee I cry'd when trouble rose,
Thy faithful arm subdu'd my foes;
Thou didst my rising fears controul,
And strength diffuse thro' all my soul.

My Jesus well maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that Wisdom undertakes,
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

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CLXXVI. *Condescending Grace.*

THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
 Will the Eternal dwell with us?
 What canst thou find beneath the poles,
 To tempt thy chariot downwards thus?

Still might he fill his starry throne,
 Pleasing his ear with Gabriel's songs:
 And will the King of Kings come down,
 And bow to hearken to our tongues!

Great God! what poor returns we pay,
 For love so infinite as thine!
 Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
 But all thy mercies are divine.

CLXXVII. *A Fountain opened for Sinners.*

THE fountain of Christ,
 Lord, help us to sing,
 The blood of our Priest,
 Our crucify'd King:
 The fountain that cleanses
 From sin and from filth,
 And richly dispenses
 Salvation and health.

This fountain so dear
 He'll freely impart;
 When pierc'd by the spear,
 It flow'd from his heart

With blood and with water,
 The first to atone,
 To cleanse us the latter ;
 The fountain's but one.

The fountain from guilt
 Not only makes pure,
 And gives, soon as felt,
 Infallible cure ;
 But if guilt removed,
 Return and remain,
 Its power may be proved
 Again and again.

This fountain unseal'd
 Stands open for all
 Who long to be heal'd,
 The great and the small :
 Here's strength for the weakly
 That hither are led ;
 Here's health for the sickly,
 And life for the dead.

This fountain tho' rich,
 From charge is all clear,
 The poorer the wretch
 The welcomer here.
 Come needy, and guilty,
 Come loathsome, and bare ;
 Tho' leprous and filthy,
 Come just as you are,

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This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It purgeth all stain
Whenever apply'd :
The fountain flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Tho' leprous as mine.

CLXXVIII. *Communion of Saints.*

COME, and let us sweetly join
Christ to praise in hymns divine ;
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord ;
Strive we, in affection strive,
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God.

Sing we then in Jesu's name,
Now, as yesterday the same ;
One in every age and place,
Full of love, and truth and grace :
Christ is now gone up on high ;
Thither may our wishes fly !
There he sits enthron'd above,
Thither follow him in love.

CLXXIX. *Praise for Deliverance*, Pf. xxxiv.

BLESS'D be the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that love to pray,
Come help my lips to praise.

Sing the loud honours of his name,
How a poor sufferer cry'd;
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor yet his suit deny'd.

O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come learn his pleasant ways,
And let your glad experience prove
The sweetness of his grace

O love the Lord, ye faints of his,
His eyes regard the just;
How richly blest their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

CLXXX. *Happiness in Christ*.

How false this earth in all its forms,
How big with flattering lies!
We seek to catch her airy charms,
And straight the phantom dies.

'There's nothing round these painted skies,
Or round this earthly clod,
Nothing below that's worth our joys,
Or lovely as our God.

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No—'tis in vain to seek for bliss,
For bliss can ne'er be found,
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread that happy ground.

'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quickening grace !
And all the heaven we want above
Is but to see his face.

CLXXXI. *The same.*

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest ;
Love, the best blessing here below,
And nearest image of the blest,

Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,
When the celestial flame I feel ;
In all my hopes, and all my fears,
There's something kind and pleasing still.

While I am held in his embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to move ;
Each smile he wears upon his face,
Fixes, and fires, and charms my love.

He speaks, and strait immortal joys
Run through my ears, and reach my heart ;
How sweet is his dear pardoning voice !
What peaceful joy his words impart !

If he withdraws a moment's space,
He leaves a sacred pledge behind :
Here in my breast his image stays,
The constant comfort of my mind.

Jesus, my God, yet rather come,
And let me see thy lovely face ;
Make thòu my heart thy constant home,
The temple of the Prince of Peace.

CLXXXII. *Praise for Affliction, from Ps. cxix.*

JESUS, I bless thy gentle hand :
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That made me yield to thy command,
That brought my wandering soul to God.

Foolish and vain, I went astray
Ere I had felt thy scourging rod ;
I left my guide, and lost my way,
But now I learn to keep thy word.

'Tis was good for me to bear the yoke
That God my Father deign'd to give ;
'Twas good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn to trust and live.

O may thy rod be my delight,
That flows from thy paternal care :
I know thy statutes, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may seem to man severe.

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CLXXXIII. *The Wonders of Redemption:
or, Mercy and Justice magnified.*

Pſalm lxxxv.

ARISE, ye saints, and join to praise,
The tender love and matchless grace
Of our redeeming Lord;
Arise to bless the sacred name,
To-day as yesterday the same,
In endless worlds ador'd,

When our base hearts, and impious hands,
Dar'd to transgress thy great commands,
And taught us to rebel;
Just would have been our misery,
Hadst thou pronounc'd the great decree,
And fix'd us down in hell.

But how stupendous was the love,
That brought the Saviour from above,
The sinner to relieve!

What sweet compassions in his eyes,
While on the bloody tree he dies,
And meekly says, Forgive!

O the compassions of our God,
That flow in streams of richest blood,
To save a murderous race!
With melting hearts and weeping eyes,
Teach us to view, in deep surprise,
The wonders of thy grace.

'Tis here we see thy grace alone,
 With vengeance taught to join in one,
 To save apostate man:
 'Tis here created powers shall fail,
 Nor can a Gabriel's mind prevail,
 This mighty love to scan.

Here, on the gospel plains, behold
 The glorious Deity unfold
 The secrets of his heart:
 Here truth and mercy sweetly join,
 With righteousness and peace combine,
 To kiss and never part.

CLXXXIV. *The Glories of Salvation.*

WHAT heart can reach, what tongue express,
 The wonders of redeeming grace,
 The power of Christ to save?
 He longs his mercy to display;
 Nor knows his grace the least delay,
 Whene'er that grace we crave.

Tho' fill'd with all unrighteousness,
 The boundless ocean of his grace
 Can cleanse us from all sin:
 While in his righteousness we shine,
 Not the bright Majesty divine
 Can find a spot therein.

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He gives his saints confirming grace,
To keep them steadfast in his ways,
Against the final day;
Upholds them in his powerful hand,
And strengthens them by faith to stand,
And never fall away.

Our fainting spirits shall revive,
Because he lives our souls shall live,
Our springs from him arise:
His body cannot be complete,
Unless his members with him sit
Above in paradise.

The first-fruits he of them that slept,
His living members shall be kept
By his Almighty power:
Tho' death o'er them awhile may reign,
They from the dead shall rise again,
And reign for evermore.

CLXXXV. *Come boldly to the Throne of Grace.*

FORGIVE, my God, a mortal tongue,
That dares attempt a lofty song,
That dares to celebrate the praise
Of justice and eternal grace.

Tho' sins unnumber'd reach the skies,
To make thy dreadful anger rise,
Thou canst be just, while I believe,
Thou canst be just, and yet forgive.

I dare appear before thy throne,
Tho' fill'd with purity alone;
While in the Saviour's work I shine,
Rob'd in his righteousness divine.

I dare behold thy justice too,
While the dear Lamb appears in view,
With all his garments dipt in blood,
To quell thy vengeance, Mighty God.

I dare expect a royal crown,
To fill a throne of great renown:
The vast atonement of my Lord
Demands this glory and reward.

But not of debt I dare demand
One single gift from Jesu's hand;
All the rich blessings I receive
Are his, and only his to give.

CLXXXVI. *Glory be to God on high, &c.*

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man is given,
Man, the well-belov'd of Heaven.

Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

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Hail! by all thy works ador'd,
 Hail! thou everlasting Lord;
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
 Lord of power, and God of love.

Christ our Lord and God we own,
 Christ, the Father's only Son:
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Saviour of rebellious man!

CLXXXVII. *Christ's Death and Resurrection.*

HE dies! the friend of Sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 Come, faints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood!

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of Glory dies for man!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see;
 Jesus the Dead revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
 The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns!
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, Death, in chains!
 Say, " Live for ever, wondrous King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

CLXXXVIII. *Adoring Christ.*

WHAT equal honours shall we bring
 To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb?
 Since all the notes that angels sing,
 Are far inferior to thy name.

Worthy is he that once was slain,
 The Prince of Peace, that groan'd and dy'd;
 Worthy to rise, and live and reign
 At his Almighty Father's side.

Power and dominion are his due
 Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

Honour immortal must be paid,
 Instead of scandal and of scorn;
 While glory shines around his head,
 A glorious crown without a thorn.

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Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore our sins, and curse, and pain :
 Let Angels sound his sacred name,
 And every creature say, Amen.

CLXXXIX. Psalm cxxxvi.

GIVE thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord,
 The sovereign King of Kings,
 And be his grace ador'd :
 His power and grace
 Are still the same,
 And let his name
 Have endless praise.

How mighty is his hand !
 What wonders hath he done !
 He form'd the earth and seas,
 And spread the heavens alone :
 Thy mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure,
 And ever sure
 Abides thy word.

He saw the nations lie
 All perishing in sin,
 And pity'd the sad state
 The ruin'd world was in ;

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe :
His power and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

CXC. *Invitation to Sinners.*

THE gospel reports
A total reprieve
From sins of all sorts,
For all who believe ;
Their guilt and pollution
Doth Jesus remove ;
In him is an ocean
Of infinite love.

Come, laden with sin,
Ye seekers of God,
And wash and be clean
In Jesus's blood.

The publican, harlot,
The drunkard, and knave,
Whose sins are as scarlet,
Forgiveness may have.

The vilest of men
He kindly forgives;
Backsliders again
He freely receives.
Come then, ye deriders
Of God and his word;
Return, ye backsliders,
Return to the Lord.

If Jesus be thine,
And thou art but his,
The practice of sin
You'll surely dismiss.
Be willing to venture
Your souls in his hand,
And soon shall you enter
The heavenly land.

CXCI. Zechariah vi. 10.

YE prisoners of hope
O'erwhelmed with grief,
To Jesus look up
For certain relief;

Declare the condition
And state you are in,
And Christ, the Physician,
Will save you from sin.

Should justice appear
A terrible foe,
Yet be of good cheer,
And soon shall you know,
That sinners confessing
Their transgressions past,
A plentiful blessing
Of pardon shall taste.

Law, conscience, and sin
Accuse us in vain,
If we are found in
The Lamb that was slain:
There's no condemnation
In Jesus the Lord,
But strong consolation
His grace doth afford.

Then dry up your tears,
Ye children of grief,
For Jesus appears
To give you relief;
If you are returning
To Jesus your friend,
Your sighing and mourning
In singing shall end.

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None will I cast out
 Who come, faith the Lord,
 Why then do you doubt?
 Lay hold of his word.
 Ye mourners of Sion,
 Be bold to believe,
 Be bold to rely on
 Your Saviour, and live.

CXCII. *A Dialogue.*

Q. TELL us, O women, we would know,
 Whither so fast ye move?

A. *We, call'd to leave the world below,
 Are seeking one above.*

Q. Whence come ye, say, and what the place
 That ye are travelling from?

A. *From tribulation, we, through grace,
 Are now returning home.*

Q. Is not your native country here?
 Like you not this abode?

A. *We seek a better country far,
 A city built by God.*

Q. Thither we travel, nor intend
 Short of that blis to rest;

A. *Nor we till in the sinner's friend,
 Our weary souls are blest.*

*Friends of the bridegroom we shall reign ;
Saviour, we ask no more ;
Hail, Lamb of God ! for sinners slain,
Whom heaven and earth adore.*

CXCIII. *The Same.* Rev. vii. 12—17.

2. EXALTED high, at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than Cherubs stand,
With glory crown'd, in white array,
My wond'ring soul says, Who are they ?

A. *These are the saints, belov'd of God,
Wash'd are their robes in Jesus' blood ;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.*

2. Brighter than Angels, lo, they shine,
Their glories great, and all divine ;
Tell me their origin, and say
Their order what, and whence came they ?

A. *Thro' tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame ;
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on him rest.*

2. And does the cross thus prove their gain
And shall they thus for ever reign,
Seated on sapphire thrones, to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace ?

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*A. Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain ;
To wells of living waters led,
By God, the Lamb, for ever fed.*

*Q. Unknown to mortal ears, they sing
The secret glories of their King :
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise ?*

*A. Jesus the Saviour is their theme ;
They sing the wonders of his name ;
To him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.*

*Amen, they cry to him alone
Who dares to fill his Father's throne ;
They give him glory, and again
Repeat his praise, and say, Amen.*

CXCIV. *Brotherly Love.* Psalm cxxxiii.

*L*o! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In love and amity!

*T*is like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head ;
The tinkling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

So streams of love, from Christ the spring,
Descend on every soul,
While heavenly peace on balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole.

'Tis pleasant as the morning dew
That fall on Sion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

CXCV. *The Offices of Christ.*

As a *Shepherd* loves to keep,
Watch, and lead, and feed his sheep;
So the gracious Son of God
Saves the purchase of his blood.

As a *Father's* manly care
Proves his heart to be sincere,
So the Lord his love displays,
Mix'd with majesty and grace.

As a *Mother* loves to rest
Tender babes upon her breast,
So the babes of grace shall find
Jesus Christ divinely kind.

As a *Husband* loves his bride
Like himself, and none beside;
Did not Christ this love excel,
When he sav'd his bride from-hell?

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As a *Friend* that's truly kind,
In his heart sweet love we find;
So in Jesus Christ we prove
Sweet displays of changeless love

As a *Brother*, dearer still
Than a friend, so Jesus will
Manifest a brother's care,
Freely make us his joint-heir.

As a *Prophet*, good and wise,
Gives the meek his best advice,
So does Christ delight to guide
Those that men for fools deride.

As a *Priest* devotes to God
Incense and atoning blood;
So the dear redeeming Lamb
Bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame.

As a *King* with loving sway
Bends his people to obey;
So does Christ the rebel win,
Gains his heart, and slays his sin.

CXCVI. *Christ's Beauties described,*
Cant. v. 9—10.

THE wondering world enquires to know
Why we should love our Jesus so:
"What are his charms," say they, "above
"All other charms of mortal love?"

White is his Soul, from blemish free ;
Red with the blood he shed for me ;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs ;
A sun among ten thousand stars.

His Head the finest gold excels ;
There wisdom in perfection dwells,
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

His Hands are fairer to behold
Than rubies set in rings of gold ;
Those heavenly Hands that on the tree
Were nail'd and torn, and bled for me.

Tho' once he bow'd his feeble Knees,
Laden with sins and agonies,
Now, on the throne of his command,
His Legs like marble pillars stand.

His Eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove :
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Thro' those dear window of his soul.

All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd ;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole world would love him too.

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CXCVII. *The Same, imitated from Rev. i.*

A MID the seven lamps behold
The glorious Son of Man and God,
Array'd in royal robes of gold,
Dy'd in his own atoning blood.

Down to his Feet his garments flow,
Clad with salvation all around;
Such majesty, and beauty too,
In Christ, my King and Priest, abound.

His Girdle, form'd of purest gold,
Near to his tender bosom twin'd;
His truth and faithfulness unfold,
With love and sweet compassion join'd.

His Godlike Eyes are all divine,
And beam the language of his heart:
As flames of fire, how bright they shine,
And bid the shades of death depart!

His Head, more white than virgin snow,
Fair emblem of his Heart appears;
As some bright sun, while here below,
Shining among ten thousand stars.

Ten thousand stars he calls his own,
And holds them forth in his right hand;
Created by his power alone,
They rise and shine at his command.

The noon-day Sun, divinely bright,
Shining with all its largest powers,
Shines as a taper's dying light,
Compar'd to this dear Sun of ours.

Not many waters can compose
Sounds so delightful as his Voice ;
From his dear lips such music flows,
As bids the sons of grief rejoice.

His Feet the finest brass excel,
Burn'd in a furnace, while he bore
Griefs deeper than the deepest hell
That never mortal felt before.

Forth from his Mouth the two-edg'd sword
From conquering, and to conquer goes ;
He rules his people by his word,
But pours his vengeance on his foes.

CXCVIII. *Jesus Christ All in All.*

CHRIST is the true substantial good,
The spring of heavenly grace ;
The hungry sinner's daily food,
The Lord our Righteousness.

Christ, by the eye of faith we view,
The true believer's joy ;
He can the power of hell subdue,
And all our wants supply.

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Christ is the sure foundation-stone,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Sav'd by his sovereign grace alone,
His grace alone we sing.

Christ is the sinner's only Way,
And he the Truth, the Life;
He is the Sun that makes the day,
The Peace that ends our strife.

Christ is our Advocate and Guide,
Our Brother and our Friend;
The Bridegroom of his chosen bride,
Who loves her to the end.

Christ is the everlasting Lord,
Our strength whene'er we call,
The sum and substance of the word,
The sinner's *All in All*.

FESTIVAL HYMNS.

CXCIX. *Christ's Nativity.*

REJOICE, ye sons of men, rejoice,
And send your fears away;
News from the regions of the skies,
Jesus is born to-day!

Jefus, the God whom Angels fear,
Comes down to dwell on earth;
To-day he makes his entrance here
By a myfterious birth.

No gold nor purple fwaddling bands,
Nor robes of bright array;
A manger for his cradle ftands,
His fofter bed is hay.

Go, fhepherds, where the infant lies,
And fee his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, fhepherds, "kifs the Son."

Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace furround the earth;
Mortals fhall know their Maker's love
At their Redeemer's birth.

CC. *The Same.*

ANGELS defcend to tell the birth;
And fing Immanuel's praife;
"Good tidings they bring,
"Great joy from our King,"
Revealing a meffage of grace.

"Glory to God on high," they fing,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Lo! peace upon earth
At Jefus's birth,
Who faves us by infinite love.

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Hail, everlasting Father, hail!
Hail, great incarnate Son!
The Almighty Lord,
His name be ador'd,
An infant in time is become.

Welcome, thou holy Prince of Peace,
Born that we ne'er might die;
The Counsellor's fame,
Of Wonderful name,
We sing in a rapture of joy.

Loud hallelujahs reach the sky
At our Immanuel's birth;
The Antient of Days
His mercy displays,
While born of a Virgin on earth.

CCl. *The Same.*

HARK! the Herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the heavenly host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Mild, he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home;
 Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstate us in thy love,

CCII. *The Same.*

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee:
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art;
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

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Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a Child, and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring :
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CCIII. *For the Crucifixion.*

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
 By the cross of Christ subdu'd ;
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Cover'd with a gore of blood !
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
 Murder'd God's eternal Son !

Yes, our sins have done the deed,
 Drove the nails that fix'd him there ;
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
 Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear.
 Made his soul a sacrifice :
 For a sinful world he dies.

Shall we put our Lord to pain ?
 Still to death pursue our God ?
 Open tear his wounds again,
 Trample on his precious blood ?
 Jesus, let thy murderers live,
 Whisper peace, and say, Forgive.

CCIV. "*It is finished.*" John xix. 30.

" 'Tis finish'd," the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head,
Releas'd from all his pain;
Come, sinners, and observe the word,
Behold the conquests of our Lord,
Complete for helpless man.

Finish'd the righteousness of grace,
Finish'd for sinners pardoning peace;
Their mighty debt is paid:
Accusing law cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of our offended God
In sweet oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second claim?
The law no longer can condemn,
Faith a release can shew:
Justice itself a friend appears;
The prison-house a whisper hears,
"Loose him, and let him go."

O unbelief! injurious bar!
Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
Why dost thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
" 'Tis finish'd," still may answer all,
And silence every cry.

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CCV. *Christ our all-sufficient Sacrifice.*

Pfalm xl. 5—10.

THE wonders, Lord, thy love hath wrought,
Exceed all praise, surmount all thought;
Should we attempt the long detail,
Our speech would faint, our numbers fail.

No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears;
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.

"Behold, I come," the Saviour cries,

"Love is the language of his eyes;

"I come to bear sins heavy load

"And do thy righteous will, O God.

"I'll magnify thy holy law,

"And rebels to obedience draw:

"When on my cross I'm lifted high,

"I'll win their hearts, and bring them nigh.

"Thy law is written in my heart,

"I'll finish well the Saviour's part;

"Bid wondering worlds adore my grace,

"And save them by my righteousness."

CCVI. Isaiah lxiii.

SEE where the mighty Saviour comes
 From Edom's hostile plains !
 A crimson vesture he assumes,
 And blood his raiment stains.

From Bozrah, glorious he appears ;
 His robes with victory shine ;
 Complete salvation, lo ! he wears,
 With majesty divine.

Why thus array'd, Almighty God,
 In vests of purple glow,
 With garments ting'd in streams of blood
 That from the wine-press flow ?

" The wine-press I myself have trod,
 " And with me there was none ;"
 " Your strength and your salvation stood
 " Complete in me alone."

Whence flow these favours, so divine,
 To save the rebel race ?

Why, for a heart so vile as mine,
 Such rich displays of grace ?

When not one glorious mind above
 Had half the power we crave,
 Had half the grace, or half the love,
 A sinking world to save ;

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When not an Angel's strength could bear
The vengeance of a God,
Then did the Son of man appear
In garments roll'd in blood.

CCVII. Isaiah liii.

Who hath our report believed
Of our God so deeply grieved,
Grieved for the sinful race?
Lo! his arm of strength revealed,
While the covenant unsealed,
Manifests Almighty grace.

As a tender plant while growing,
Full of richest sap o'erflowing,
Springing in a thirsty ground;
So the Lord by man despised,
By his true disciples prized,
Stands with grace and beauty crown'd.

By the nations long expected,
See him come, by man rejected,
Deeply taught to suffer grief;
All our sins were laid upon him,
While we hid our faces from him,
While he died for our relief.

No deceit his lips had spoken,
Blameless, he no law had broken,
Stricken, smitten for our guilt:

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By his true disciples prized,
Stands with grace and beauty crown'd.

By the nations long expected,
See him come, by man rejected,
Deeply taught to suffer grief;
All our sins were laid upon him,
While we hid our faces from him,
While he died for our relief.

No deceit his lips had spoken,
Blameless, he no law had broken,
Stricken, smitten for our guilt:

Yet it pleas'd the Lord to chuse him,
With Almighty wrath to bruise him;
When his blood for man was spilt.

N. B. See *Hymns for the COMMUNION.*

CCVIII. *The Resurrection of Christ.*

THE SUN of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
Adore the scatterer of your fears,
Your rising God adore.

The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes:
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.

Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He died and suffer'd as a man,
His rises as a God.

In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To him who bursts the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

CCIX. *The Same.*

CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels say,
Rise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

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Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death shall ne'er forbid his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall;
Second life we shall receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection—thou!

CCX. *The Same.*

JESUS, who dy'd a world to save,
 Revives and rises from the grave
 By his Almighty power;
 From sin, and death, and hell set free,
 He captive leads captivity,
 And lives, to die no more.

The Lord, who spoke the world from nought,
 Hath for poor sinners dearly bought
 Salvation by his blood:
 Lo! how he bursts the bonds of death,
 And re-assumes his vital breath,
 To make our title good!

O may we all from sin awake,
 In paradise our places take,
 Near our exalted head!
 May all our souls to heaven aspire,
 In thought, and will, and strong desire,
 To sensual pleasures dead!

Children of God, look up and see
 Your Saviour cloth'd in majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the tomb:
 Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
 In heaven your mansion he prepares,
 And soon will take you home.

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His Church is still his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down

On her he did redeem :

He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,
And prays that she may spoil her foes,
And ever reign with him.

CCXI. *The Same.*

ANGELS attend, and join the song,
To whom immortal notes belong,
Your golden harps and voices join
To praise Immanuel's love divine.

Lo! he, who on the cross was slain,
High thron'd in glory lives again;
Clad with eternal victory,
He captive leads captivity.

With songs of joy address his name,
His victories and his love proclaim;
Sing how he conquer'd as he fell,
And vanquish'd all the powers of hell.

Now in his conquests we partake,
He gain'd those triumphs for our sake:
Immortal glories to the Lamb,
Who death by his own death o'ercame.

Saints, shout with joy your risen God,
And spread his boundless love abroad;
Let every heart the Saviour bless,
And every tongue his name confess.

CCXII. *The Ascension of Christ.*

JESUS is now gone up on high
 To fill a heavenly throne ;
 He captive leads captivity,
 And tramples satan down.

Jesus the mighty conqueror stands,
 To give the rebel race
 Gifts, from his heavenly Father's hands,
 Of richest love and grace.

Come, Holy Spirit, from on high,
 Gift of the Saviour, come,
 Our natures change and purify,
 And make our hearts thine home.

Come, like a mighty rushing wind,
 Descend, and fill the place ;
 Let every soul to God be join'd,
 And feel an heavenly peace.

Sit on our heads like cloven tongues,
 That we may pray and praise !
 And lengthen out our joyful songs,
 To everlasting days.

CCXIII. *The same.*

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

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There is triumphal chariot waits,
And Angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Loose all your massy bars of light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.

Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And Angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord of glorious power possesst:
The King of saints and Angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!

CCXIV. *For Whit-Sunday.*

GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer.
Now descends the Comforter;
Open wide your hearts, to prove
All the powers of life and love.

Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter every waiting breast ;
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

Prince of Peace, and Lord of Life,
Give us agonizing strife ;
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the gift, and giver too.

Come and wake these hearts of earth,
Wake us into second birth ;
Quickening power may we receive ;
Breathe, and our dry bones shall live.

Bid our sin and sorrow cease,
Fill us with thine heavenly peace ;
Joy divine we then shall prove,
Light of truth, and fire of love.

CCXV. *The Same.*

JESUS, we hang upon thy word,
Our longing souls have heard from thee ;
Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,
Thy promise made so rich and free,
To such as Sion's paths pursue,
And would believe that God is true.

Thou sayest, " I will the Father pray,
" And he the Comforter shall give,
" Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
" And never more his temples leave ;

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" Myself will to my orphans come,
" And make you mine eternal home."

Come then, dear Lord, thyself reveal,
And let thy promise now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word of grace;
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the Comforter.

He visits oft the troubled breast,
And oft relieves our sad complaint;
But soon we lose the transient guest,
But soon we droop again, and faint.
Repeat the melancholy moan
" Our joy is fled, our comfort gone !"

Hasten him, Lord, into each heart,
Our sure inseparable guide;
O might we meet, and never part!
O might he in our hearts abide!
And keep his house of praise and prayer,
And rest and reign for ever there!

HYMNS TO THE TRINITY.

CCXVI.

BLEST be the Father for his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

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Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

CCXVII. *The Same.*

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine Almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd;
Lord, hear our call.

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Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour :
Thou who Almighty art,
Rule thou in every heart,
And never more depart,
Spirit of Power !

To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore ;
His sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

CCXVIII. *The Same.*

HAIL, Father ! whose commanding call
Unnumber'd worlds attend,
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend.

Elected by thy grace alone,
Our names are wrote in heaven ;
And for our sins thy dear-lov'd Son
A sacrifice hast given.

Hail, God the Son ! with glory crown'd
Ere time began to be ;
Angels and saints thy throne surround,
Creation bows to thee.

Thou didst our mortal flesh assume;
And, full of truth and grace,
By thine imputed work, become
The Lord our Righteousness.

Hail, Holy Ghost! Jehovah, Lord,
All glory be to thee!
Sprung from the Father and the Word,
From all eternity.

Sole Author of our second birth,
Faithful thou wilt be found;
Thy work of grace, begun on earth,
Shall be in glory crown'd.

Hail, great eternal Lord of Hosts!
To mortal powers unknown:
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Mysterious Three in One.

CCXIX. *The Same.*

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here.
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.
To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,

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Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe :
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And reaps the fruit of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give ;
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live :
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with grace divine.

Almighty God ! to thee
Be endless honours done ;
The undivided Three,
The great mysterious One !
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

CCXX. *At the death of a Believer.*

WHY do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move ?
Why should we wish the hours more slow,
That keep us from our Love ?

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a sweet perfume.

The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

CCXXI. *Thought of Death and Glory improved.*

My soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead!
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

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CCXXII. Revelation xiv. 13.

BLEST are the souls, the word proclaims,
That are in Jesus dead;
Sweet is the favour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
And free from every care.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
And ever with the Lord;
The labours of this mortal life
End in a large reward.

CCXXIII. JUDGMENT HYMNS.

Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

Every eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful-majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him;
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away!

Now redemption long expected,
 See! in solemn pomp appear!
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air!
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!

Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
 Bid us worlds above inherit,
 'Take thy pining exiles home:
 All creation
 Travails! groans! and bids thee come!

Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thine exalted throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory:
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

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CCXXIV. *The Same.*

HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe;
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near!
 His lightning flash, his thunders roll,
 He's welcome to the faithful soul

From heaven angelic voices sound,
 Lo! the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 While glory decks the Saviour's face.

Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own:
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord.

Shout, all ye people of the sky,
 And all ye saints of the Most High:
 Our God, who now his right obtains,
 For ever, and for ever reigns.

The Father praise, the Son adore,
 The Spirit bless for evermore:
 Salvation's glorious work is done,
 We welcome thee, great Three in One.

CCXXV. *The Same, from Psalm l.*

WHEN Christ in judgment shall descend,
 And saints surround the Lord,
 He bids unnumber'd worlds attend
 The sentence of his word.

Thron'd on a cloud he soon shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way ;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending Angels come,
And earth and hell shall know, and fear,
His justice and their doom.

“ But gather all my saints, he cries,
“ That fought their peace with God
“ By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
“ And found it in his blood.

“ Their faith and works brought forth to light
“ Shall make the world confess,
“ The gift of my reward is right,
“ And heaven shall sing my grace.”

Consider ere his wrath appear,
Ye that despise the Lord,
Give him your hearts, and learn to fear
The vengeance of his word.

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

CCXXVI. *For Persons joined in Fellowship*

Now with joint consent we sing,
Glory to our God and King;
All our hearts and voices raise
To proclaim the Saviour's praise.

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While in him we live and move,
 He defends us by his love ;
 Wandering through this desert land,
 He upholds us by his hand.

He, in every time and place,
 Manifests his guardian grace ;
 Every day, and every hour,
 Shields us by his constant power.

While we see each other's face ;
 Gladly we unite to bless
 Him, that leads us by his love
 To his blissful throne above.

May we walk with God below,
 In his likeness daily grow,
 Till our joyful spirits rise,
 To behold him in the skies !

CCXXVII. *Communion of Saints.*

THEE, Almighty Lord, we own,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 Join our new-born spirits, join
 Each to each, and all to thine ;
 One the faith, and common Lord,
 Father, Holy Ghost, and Word,
 Over, through, and in us all,
 God, incomprehensible.

Move, and actuate, and guide;
 Divers gifts to each divide:
 Plac'd according to thy will,
 Let us all our work fulfil:
 Wait we till the Master come,
 Till the Lord shall take us home,
 Till his glorious face we see
 Crown'd with immortality.

Many are we now and one,
 We who Jesus have put on;
 There is neither bond nor free,
 Male or female, Lord, in thee
 Chose alike by sovereign grace,
 Cover'd with one righteousness:
 Names, and sects, and parties fall;
 Thou, O Christ, art All in All.

CCXXVIII. *The Same.*

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
 Let us in thy name agree;
 Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,
 Bid all jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling love,
 Every stumbling-block remove;
 Each to each unite, endear,
 Come and spread thy banner here.

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Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
 Meek in every thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
 Each his brother's burden bear ;
 To thy church the pattern give,
 Shew how true believers live.

Let us then with joy remove
 To thy family above ;
 On the wings of Angels fly,
 Shew how true believers die.

CCXXIX. *The Same.*

JESUS, thy lovely self reveal,
 Are we not met in thy great name ?
 Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
 We wait to catch the spreading flame.

Truly our fellowship below,
 With thee, and with thy Father is ;
 In thee eternal life we know,
 And heaven's unutterable bliss.

In part we only know thee here,
 But wait thy coming from above ;
 Then shall thy saints behold thee near,
 And every soul be lost in love.

CCXXX. *At Meeting.*

BLEST by Jesu's providence,
 Lo, we meet again in love!
 May we, when we fly from hence,
 Meet before thy throne above!

When we once shall there arrive,
 Ever happy we shall reign;
 Ever with the Saviour live,
 Everlasting glories gain.

There shall sorrow not intrude,
 Nor shall sighing enter in;
 Wash'd in our Redeemer's blood,
 We shall stand made free from sin.

Come ye saints of Jesus come,
 Forward boldly let us press;
 Humbly let our souls presume
 On the Saviour's righteousness.

Pray we for the promis'd hour,
 When the family complete,
 Borne on clouds, and girt with power,
 In the house above shall meet.

Master! hasten on the day;
 Glorious to thy judgment come:
 Call thy travelling saints away;
 Lord, we long to be at home.

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CCXXXI. *At Parting.*

BLESSED be the dear uniting love
 That will not let us part;
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 Tho' we are join'd in heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our head,
 We wait his will to know,
 That we in his dear steps may tread,
 And do his work below.

O may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside;
 Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
 But Jesus crucify'd!

Closer and closer let us cleave
 To his belov'd embrace;
 Expect his fulness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.

CCXXXII. *At Meeting or Departing.*

WE bless the Lord, whose tender care
 Directs us on where'er we stray;
 Whose constant love shall still prepare
 To guide us in the narrow way.

We bless the Sun of Righteousness,
 Whose beams command our night to cease;
 Whose ways are ways of pleasantness,
 Whose paths are all the paths of peace. v 3

Thy cloudy pillar all the day
Shall guard us thro' the burning light;
While brighter glories shall display
Thy cheering presence thro' the night.

So let us learn, where'er we go,
To yield obedience to thy call;
To seek thy footsteps here below,
And serve thee as our All in All

CCXXXIII. *For Ministers at their Arrival.*

LORD, we welcome thy dear Servant,
Messenger of gospel grace!
How beauteous are the feet of
Him that brings good news of peace!
Lord, we welcome
Every servant sent of thee.

Bless, O bless his message to us!
Give us hearts to hear the word
Of redemption, dearly purchas'd,
By the death of Christ our Lord.
O reveal it

To our poor and helpless souls!

Lord, vouchsafe thy grace and glory
To thy faithful labourer dear!

Let the incense of our hearts be
Offer'd up in faith and prayer.

Bless, O bless him

Now, henceforth, for evermore!

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CCXXXIV. *For Ministers at their Departure.*

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
 Him whom we now to thee commend;
 Thy faithful messenger secure,
 And make him to the end endure.

Gird him with all-sufficient grace,
 Direct his feet in paths of peace;
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
 And bend him to obey thy will.

Before him thy protection send;
 O love him, save him to the end!
 Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
 Without the convoy of thy love.

Enlarge, enflame, and fill his heart,
 In him thy mighty power exert;
 That thousands yet unborn may praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

CCXXXV. *A Prayer for a Minister,
 or for an Ordination.*

COMMISSION'D from the Lord of Hosts,
 Servant of God, arise, and shine;
 Arise, and gird thine armour on,
 And prove the strength of Jesus thine.

Go, dare the dreadful powers of sin;
 From conquering, and to conquer go;
 Smite with the Spirit's mighty sword,
 And bring the vanquish'd monster low.

Strong in the strength of God alone,
 Let Satan, the first sinner, feel
 The energy of truth divine,
 The vengeance of thy holy zeal.

As darkness flies before the sun,
 And seeks a region where to dwell
 Remote from earth, in worlds unknown,
 Hard by the dismal gloom of hell;

So learn to make delusion fly;
 And, with the beams of gospel light,
 Chace down the lofty pride of man,
 Down to the pit of endless night.

Nor let thy fears presume to quell
 The flame that kindles on thine heart;
 Strength more than equal to the day
 The great Jehovah shall impart.

In weakness will thy strength be found,
 While unbelief shall shrink away;
 As sinners burst the bands of death,
 And rise to bless the gospel day.

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Thus may my friend and brother prove
 The champion of the Lord most high;
 Thus urge the lingering combat on;
 The battle win, and gain the sky.

CCXXXVI. *On opening a place of Worship.*

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter now thy sacred rest;
 Come in, thou Lord of all our joys,
 And with us reign, for ever blest.

Here come, and fix thy gracious throne,
 And sway thy sceptre and thy sword;
 Here may thy power and love be known,
 And energy attend thy word!

Here fill thy hungry, thirsty poor
 With living streams, and living bread;
 Unto thy rich exhaustless store
 With peaceful steps may they be led.

Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
 Bid all thy ministers to shine;
 To preach thy glorious righteousness,
 And no one's else but thine.

Here let a numerous offspring rise,
 Born from above by special grace,
 Lift loud hosannahs to the skies
 In loftier notes than Angels raise.

Clothe all thine enemies with shame,
Shame that shall bid them blush for sin;
Such terms of love compose thy name,
As can the vilest rebel win.

CCXXXVII. *On taking a Member into Society*

WELCOME, thou well-belov'd of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood;
Welcome with us thine hand to join,
A partner of our lot divine :
Blessings abundant from above
Give *him*, we pray, Thou God of love.

With us the pilgrim-state embrace;
We travel to a blissful place,
The new Jerusalem above,
The throne of God, the seat of love :
The Holy Ghost, that knows the way,
Conduct thee on from day to day !

The staff of promise now receive,
Thy weary footsteps to relieve,
The chief support the pilgrim knows,
Leaning on this, he forward goes :
Thus if for rest thy spirits call,
Trusting on this, thou canst not fall.

With peace, with ceaseless peace be shod,
The shoes of peace receive of God ;

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These keep from pain the pilgrim's feet,
 And make the rugged way seem sweet:
 So Sion's paths shall ever prove
 The paths of joy, and peace, and love.

Thus onward move with upright peace;
 Stedfast pursue the gospel-race:
 Fill'd with the power of truth divine,
 Prove all the strength of Jesus thine:
 Commissioned Angels soon shall come,
 And waft thee to thy wish'd-for home.

CCXXXVIII. *For Field-preaching.*

FORTH in thy strength, O Lord, we go
 Thy gospel to proclaim,
 Thine only righteousness to shew,
 And glorify thy name.

Vouchsafe thine aid to speak thy word
 In this appointed hour;
 Attend it with thy Spirit, Lord,
 And let it come with power.

Open the hearts of all that hear,
 To make the Saviour room;
 O let them find redemption near,
 Let faith by hearing come.

Give them to hear the word as thine,
 With meekness to receive,
 To feel the saving power divine,
 Which teaches to believe.

CCXXXIX. *On Returning.*

GLORY to God, who gave the word,
And brought salvation nigh;
Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd
To sinners doom'd to die.

Lord, with thy mighty power descend,
And grant them ears to hear,
Hearts to receive the heavenly seed,
To bring forth fruit with fear.

Fill every panting, hungry soul
From thine exhaustless store;
And let not one go empty hence,
But taste, and pray for more.

Let all thy children, Lord, be fed
From thine eternal Word;
Stronger and stronger may they grow,
Increasing in the Lord.

CCXL. *Infant Baptism.*

THUS did the sons of Abraham pass
Under the bloody seal of grace:
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant and his love:
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

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Their seed is sprinkled with his blood;
 Their children set apart for God;
 His Spirit on their offspring shed,
 Like water pour'd upon the head.

Let every saint, with cheerful voice,
 In this large covenant rejoice;
 Young children in their early days,
 Shall give the God of Abraham praise,

• CCXLI. *Adult Baptism.*

DESCEND, celestial Dove!
 In every bosom dwell;
 Upon the present water move,
 Let each the influence feel,

Anoint with holy fire,
 Baptize with purging flames,
 And with thy grace this soul inspire,
 With ceaseless, living streams.

Thy heavenly unction give;
 Thy promise, Lord, fulfil;
 Give power thy Spirit to receive,
 And strength to do thy will.

Witness to this thy sign,
 And grant the inward grace;
 Let this thy servant, seal'd for thine,
 From hence depart in peace.

For the Conclusion of the Old Year.

CCXLII. *Time how swift.*

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Now concludes another year,
Many sou's their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of thy grace ;
Welcome then the call will be,
To depart, and see thy face :
To thy saints, while here below,
With new years, new mercies come
But the happiest year they know
Is their last, which leads them home.

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Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view :
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above !

CCXLIII. *For the New Year.*

THE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days ;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.

Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground,
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found ;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
 Another, and another year.

When justice drew the sword
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of our Lord
 Cry'd; Let it still alone.
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.

Jesus, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space :
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo ! we see another year.

Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound :
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

COMMUNION HYMNS.

CCXLIV. *Welcome to the Table.*

OH, bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
 With royal dainties fed ;
 Not heaven affords a richer treat,
 For Jesus is the bread !

The vile, the lost he calls to him ;
 Ye trembling souls, appear ;
 The righteous in their own esteem
 Have no acceptance here.

If guilt and sin afford a plea,
 And may obtain a place ;
 Surely the Lord will welcome me,
 And I shall see his face.

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CCXLV. *The Lord's Supper instituted.*

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
 When powers of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight;
 And friends betray'd him to his foes:

Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and bless'd and brake;
 What love through all his actions ran!
 What wondrous words of grace he spake!

"This is my body broke for sin,
 "Receive and eat the living food:"
 Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;
 "'Tis the new covenant in my blood.
 "Do this," he cry'd, "till time shall end,
 "In memory of your dying friend:
 "Meet at my table, and record
 "The love of your departed Lord."

Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
 We shew thy death, we sing thy name
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

CCXLVI. *Dedication to God.*

H ERE, Lord, we give ourselves away,
 Our hearts to thee resign;
 O may each moment of our lives
 For evermore be thine!

O let our lives, and all we have,
Be consecrated still,
To yield to thy divine commands
With a resigned will.

Let not a vain and trifling world,
With all its charms below,
Divert us from those sacred joys
That from thy presence flow.

Let loves and joys of lower birth,
All lost and swallow'd be
In that full stream of happier love
That dy'd upon the tree.

CCXLVII. *Sin the Crucifier of Christ.*

ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my sovereign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I ?

Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, dy'd
For man, the creature's sin.

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Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears!

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

CCXLVIII. *The Cross our Glory.*

WHEN we survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
 Our richest gain we count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all our pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that we should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, our God!
 All the vain things that charm us most,
 We sacrifice for Jesu's blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
 Did e'er such love, such sorrows meet,
 When thorns compos'd the Saviour's crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small:
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

CCXLIX. *God is Love:*

'T WAS love that brought the Saviour down
 Into a virgin's womb;
 'Twas love that nail'd him to the tree,
 And laid him in a tomb.

Thro' a whole life of suffering here,
 The law of kindness reign'd;
 Love made those ghastly wounds thro' which
 His precious life was drain'd.

Love took him to his Father's throne,
 There to prepare us room;
 And love will bring him down again,
 To fetch us to his home.

CCL. *The Sam^s.*

OF him, who did salvation bring,
 Lord, may we ever think, and sing:
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
 All heaven doth with thy triumphs ring;
 Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
 Devils with force, and men with love.

To purge our sins, Christ shed his blood,
 He dy'd to bring us near to God;
 Let all the world fall down, and know,
 That none but God such love could shew.

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CCLI. *Christ our Bread.*

HAPPY the man to whom 'tis given
To eat the bread of life in heaven :
This happiness in Christ we prove,
Who feed on his forgiving love.

CCLII. *To the Holy Ghost.*

COME, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
Thine inward witness give,
To every waiting soul reveal
The death by which we live.
Spectators of the pangs divine,
O that we now may be,
Discerning in the sacred sign,
His passion on the tree.

CCLIII. *Communion with Jesus.*

COME, descend, O heavenly Spirit,
Fan each spark into a flame ;
Blessings let us now inherit,
Blessings that we cannot name :
Whilst hosannas we are singing,
May our hearts in rapture move ;
Feel new grace in them still springing,
Breathe the air of purest love.
Let us sail in grace's ocean,
Float on that unbounded sea,
Guided into pure devotion,
Kept from paths of error free :

On the heavenly manna feeding,
Screen'd from every envious foe;
Love, O Love for sinners bleeding,
All for thee we would forego!

CCLIV. *Sitting at Jesu's Feet.*

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
May we sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops our souls bedewing,
Plead and claim our peace with God,
Truly blest is the station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While we see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye:
Here it is we find our heaven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
Much we have to be forgiven,
Daily miracles of grace.
Love and grief our hearts dividing,
Call for tears his feet to bathe;
Keep us still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May we still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go!
Prove his balmy name more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

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CCLV. *Efficacy of Christ's Blood.*

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
 Can relieve us from our smart;
 Nothing else from guilt release us;
 Nothing else can melt the heart.
 Law and terrors do but harden,
 All the while they work alone;
 But a sense of blood-bought pardon
 Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

'Tis a safe but deep compunction
 Thy repenting people feel;
 Love and grief compound an unction,
 As at once can wound and heal.
 From thy fulness we receive them;
 We have nothing of our own:
 Freely thou dost love to give them,
 To the needy who have none.

Teach us by thy patient Spirit
 How to mourn, and not despair;
 Let us, leaning on thy merit,
 Wrestle hard with God in prayer.
 Whensoever afflictions seize us,
 They shall profit, if not please;
 But defend, defend us, Jesus,
 From security and ease.

CCLVI. *Panting for Blessing.*

JESUS, at whose supreme command
 We thus approach to God;
 Before us in thy vesture stand
 That once was dipt in blood.

Obedient to thy gracious call,
 We break the hallow'd bread;
 We trust on thee, our bleeding Lord,
 On thee alone to feed.

The tokens of thy dying love,
 O let us all receive!
 Thy quickening power we wait to prove,
 On thee alone to live.

CCLVII. *Christ the Believer's Food.*

WE sing the wondrous deeds
 That grace divine performs,
 The mighty God comes down and bleeds
 To nourish dying worms.

The banquet that we eat
 Is all of heavenly things;
 Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
 As our Redeemer brings.

In vain had Adam sought
 His Paradise around;
 For there was no such blessed fruit
 In all that happy ground.

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The Angel host above
 Cau never taste this food ;
 They feast upon their Maker's love,
 But not on Jesu's blood.

Come, then ye drooping faints,
 And banquet with your King ;
 This wine will drown your sad complaints,
 And tune your voice to sing.

CCLVIII. Psalm xc. 5—10.

JESUS, full of truth and grace,
 Comes in mercy from above,
 Manifesting rich displays
 Of his bleeding, dying love.

Ye, who pierc'd the Lamb of God,
 Caus'd his bitter agony,
 Blush to see him bath'd in blood,
 Dying on th' accursed tree.

Lo! the heavenly Sufferer dies,
 Bowing down his sacred head ;
 What a costly sacrifice
 God the holy Saviour made !

He alone sustains our grief,
 Dies for our iniquities,
 Bears the curse for our relief ;
 Never sure was grief like his !

Dearest Sufferer, thee we own,
All our powers belong to thee;
Claim us for thyself alone,
Thine for ever may we be.

CCLIX. *Worthy is the Lamb.*

Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

CCLX. *Espousals to Christ,*
2 Cor. xi. 2.

PERMIT us, dearest Lord, to prove
Our interest in thy bleeding love,
To hear that tender voice of thine,
That whispers peace and life divine.

Allure us by thy dying charms,
To seek our refuge in thine arms;
To taste thy love, that here appears
Bought by thy blood, and groans, and tears.

As virgins, taught by chastest love,
Seek in a husband's care to prove
The softest joys that mortals know,
That love and innocence bestow;

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So may our virgin souls be thine,
 Won by thy grace and love divine;
 Disdain all other loves, beside
 The love of Jesus crucify'd.

The dearest flesh we make our food,
 And gladly drink thy richest blood;
 A richer feast than Angels prove,
 Who ne'er can taste thy dying love.

CCLXI. *Calvary.*

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
 We thus recal to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find:
 'Think on us, who look to thee,'
 And every struggling soul release;
 O remember Calvary!
 And bid us go in peace!

By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray;
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away:
 Burst our bonds, and set us free,
 From all iniquity release;
 O remember Calvary!
 And bid us go in peace!

Let thy blood, by faith apply'd,
 The sinner's pardon seal,
 Speaks us freely justify'd,
 And all our sickness heal :
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease :
 O remember Calvary !
 And bid us go in peace !

Lord, we would not hence depart,
 Till thou our wants relieve ;
 Write forgiveness on each heart,
 And all thine image give :
 May our souls still cry to thee,
 Till perfected in holiness !
 O remember Calvary !
 And bid us go in peace !

CCLXII. *The Same.*

Away, from earth to Calvary,
 There see thy bleeding Saviour, see,
 And love thy dying Lord :
 Away, my soul, attend the call,
 Beneath his Cross devoutly fall,
 And hear his gracious word.
 Speak, dearest Lord, thy servant hears,
 Bid me to love and melt in tears,
 And wait to know thy will ;

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Tell me the sufferings of thine heart,
Let me from thee no more depart,
But sit and hear thee still.

I hear the glorious Sufferer tell
How on the cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the powers beneath;
How, on the great atoning day,
He put Almighty Wrath away,
And died to conquer death.

He tells me, how his work complete
Can make the vilest sinner meet
For everlasting rest;
He bids me wait, and long, and love,
'Till call'd to fill a throne above,
And reign for ever blest.

Whence flow these favours so divine,
Whence all this wondrous love of thine
To shed such sacred blood?
O might I blush with holy shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
Of my redeeming God!

O the immense, th' amazing love,
That brought thee from thy throne above,
To take the sinner's place!
What could constrain the Lord to die,
For such a wretch, so vile as I,
But richest love and grace?

CCLXIII, *Heavenly Food.*

WE bless the Lord who gives this cup,
 This bread to feast upon :
 We bless the Lord who offer'd up
 His best beloved Son.

How sweet the streams of pleasure flow,
 From this repast of love !
 And if so sweet the streams below,
 How sweet the spring above !

There shall we see the lovely face
 Of our forgiving God,
 And stand complete in righteousness,
 Wash'd in the Saviour's blood.

There shall we all forget to sin,
 No more remember death,
 But drink eternal pleasures in,
 And draw immortal breath.

CCLXIV. *Behold the Lamb.*

LOOK up, my soul, to him
 Whose death was thy desert,
 And humbly view the living stream
 Flow from his bleeding heart.

There on the cursed tree,
 In dying pangs he lies,
 Fulfils his Father's great decree,
 And all our wants supplies.

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My Saviour's pierced side
 Pour'd out a double flood ;
 By water we are purify'd,
 And pardon'd by his blood.

It cost him cries and tears
 To bring us near to God ;
 Great was our debt, and he appears
 To make the payment good.

CCLXV. *Invitation.*

JESUS invites his saints
 To meet around his board ;
 Here pardon'd rebels sweetly hold
 Communion with their Lord.

For food he gives his flesh,
 And bids us drink his blood ;
 Amazing favour ! matchless grace
 Of our redeeming God !

Our heavenly Father calls
 Christ and his members one ;
 We the dear children of his love,
 And he the first-born Son.

Let all our powers be join'd
 His glorious name to raise !
 Let peace and love fill every mind,
 And every voice be praise.

CCLXVI. *Christ's dying Love.*

How condescending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's not a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

CCLXVII. *Invitation to the Lord's Table.*

YE sons and daughters of the Lord,
That wait around this festal board,
Come, taste with me the rich displays
Of Christ's eternal love and grace.

Draw near, ye guilty, and receive
The pardon which he loves to give:
The blood of Jesus has a voice
That whispers peace, and says, Rejoice,

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Draw near, ye poor, that feel, and know,
Ye need whate'er he can bestow;
There is in him, whene'er ye call,
All that ye want, and more than all.

Draw near, ye blind; the Lord, your light,
Can speak the word, and heal your sight:
He will conduct you on the way
That leads to everlasting day.

Draw near, ye simple and unwise,
He gives the meek his best advice;
The fools of Christ shall far excel
The wisest of the sons of hell.

Draw near, ye naked, and be clad;
Ye mourning tribes, he'll make you glad;
Ye poor, ye maim'd, ye halt, ye blind,
All that ye want in Jesus find.

CCLXVIII. *The Atonement.*

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!

Hail, thou Galilean King,

Who didst suffer to release us,

Who didst free salvation bring:

Hail, thou glorious Lord and Saviour,

Who hast borne our sin and shame;

By whose merit we find favour,

Life is given through thy name!

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins were on thee laid :
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 Every sin may be forgiven,
 Thro' the virtue of thy blood :
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide :
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side :
 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 " Spare them yet another year ;"
 Thou for saints art interceding,
 Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Christ is worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give :
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Jesu's merits,
 Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise !

CCLXIX

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CONCLUDING HYMNS.

CCLXIX. *Praise to the Trinity for a precious Gospel.*

BLESS'D be the name of Zion's King,
For gladsome tidings brought;
With thankful hearts we join to sing
The love the Father wrought.

Bless'd be the Son, whose matchless love
Redeem'd us by his blood,
Who left the Father's seat above,
To bring us near to God.

Bless'd be the Spirit's holy grace,
Who gives the life divine,
Who clothes the word with sweet success,
And seals the sinner thine.

Bless'd be the undivided Three,
The great mysterious One;
The message was alone from thee,
We bless thy name alone.

CCLXX. *A concluding Prayer.*

TO thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

O grant that each of us
 Now met before thee here,
 May meet together thus,
 When thou and thine appear !
 And follow thee to heaven our home ;
 E'en so, Amen : Lord Jesus, come !

CCLXXI. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above !
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 Still possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

CCLXXII. *A parting Prayer.*

FOR a season call'd to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present Friend.
 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep !
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong,
 Sweeten every cross and pain :
 Give us, if we live, ere long
 Here to meet in peace again.

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Then, if thou thy help afford,
Eben-ezers shall be rear'd ;
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

CCLXXIII. Phil. iv. 7.

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the Believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts ;
And may the Holy Three in One,
And Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On all our souls assembled here !

CCLXXIV. *Praise to the Lamb.*

How glorious the Lamb
Is seen on his throne !
His labours are o'er,
His conquests are won :
A kingdom is given
Into the Lord's hand,
In earth and in heaven,
For ever to stand.

Ye sinner's below,
Then, trust in the Lord,
Look up to his arm,
His honour, his word :

Athirst for his favour,
His Godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour,
And joy evermore!

CCLXXV. *Hosanna to Christ.*

HOSANNA to Jesus the Lord,
For tidings of infinite grace!
Confirm'd by the promise and word,
And oath of the Antient of Days.
What cause for eternal delight,
That Jesus is ever the same,
Our guardian by day and by night,
Hosanna to Jesus's name.

CCLXXVI. *Thanksgiving Hymn.*

THANKFUL for our every blessing,
Let us sing, Christ the spring,
Never, never ceasing.

Source of all our gifts and graces,
Christ alone, Christ we own
Calls for all our praises.

He dispels our sin and sadness,
Life imparts, cheers our hearts,
Fills with food and gladness.

He himself for us hath given,
Us he feeds, us he leads
To a feast in heaven.

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CCLXXVII. *The Same.*

WHAT creatures beside are favour'd like us?
 Forgiven, supplied, and banqueted thus
 By God our good Father, who gave us his Son,
 And sent him to gather his children in one?

Salvation's of God, the fruit of free grace,
 Upon us bestow'd before the world was,
 God from everlasting be blest; and again
 Blest to everlasting; Amen, and Amen!

CCLXXVIII. *The Same.*

FOR all the blessings of this day,
 Humble thanksgiving let us pay;
 And when to endless day we soar,
 There may we praise thee evermore.

Hail, dear Redeemer! live and reign,
 Hail, holy Lamb! for sinner's slain,
 Preserver of the ransom'd race,
 Exalted high in truth and grace.

Our Guide thou all this day hast been,
 O guard us from each nightly sin;
 Remain our Saviour still, and be
 Our hope and guard eternally.

CCLXXIX *Thanks for the Gospel.*

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

CCLXXX. Luke xxiv. 31.

NO farther go to-night—but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day ;
Turn in, dear Lord, with me :
And in the morning when I wake,
Me in thine arms, dear Jesus, take,
And I'll go on in thee.

CCLXXXI. *Before or after Meals.*

SWEET is the mention of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness,
Thy truth and mercy sing.

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God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

Creatures, with all their numerous race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Can sing a Saviour's name.

CCLXXXII. *Grace before Meat.*

BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and every where ador'd:
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee.

CCLXXXIII. *Grace after Meat.*

WE thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But most of all for Jesu's blood:
May manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life, sent down from heaven.

DOXOLOGIES.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

SING we, to our God above,
 Praise eternal as his love:
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

GIVE glory to God,
 Ye children of men;
 And publish abroad.
 Again and again,
 The Son's glorious merit,
 The Father's free grace,
 The gifts of the Spirit,
 To Adam's lost race.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are works to make him known
 Or saints to love the Lord.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amidst the heavenly host,
 And in the church below!
 From whom all creatures drew their birth,
 By whom redemption blest the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow.

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GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honours done.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host,
To praise thee evermore.
Live by heaven and earth ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee.

F I N I S.

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